A

DIALOGUE

ON

Friendſhip and Society.

BY THE

TRANSLATOR of the LIFE of PETRARCH.

Dobson (Susannah)

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And do diſpart the heart with power extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the ballance down, to weet,
The dear affection unto kindred ſweet,
Or raging fire of love to woman kind,
Or zeal of friends combined with virtues meet;
But of them all the band of virtuous mind,
Me ſeems the gentle heart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

For as the ſoul doth rule the earthly maſs,
And all the ſervice of the body frame,
So love of ſoul doth love of body paſs,
No leſs than perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſs.

SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

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ERRATA.

Page 4, line 16, *read*, evening region, *yet*, we, &c.

6, line 7, *for This*, read *The*.

7, line 2, *add* a, *before* commerce.

20, line 8, *for* the, *read* this.

23, line 7, *for* that *read* than.

27, line 7, *for* Letius, *read* Lelius.

31, line 6, *add* the, *before* attachments.

59, *for* ſentiments, *read* ſentiment.

89, line 10, *dele* up.

108, line 10, *for* diſpoſitions, *read* tempers.

125, line 1, *for* bare, *read* bear.

137, line 15, *for* reports, *read* report.

175, line 5, *for* deaths *read* death.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

TO addreſs the Public on Friendſhip, I am ſenſible requires an apology.—On ſo worn-out a ſubject; I cannot hope to preſent the world with any original ſentiment; and it will be happy ſhould I eſcape enthuſiaſm on the one hand, or inſipidity on the other.

But as every motive to an *active benevolence* in ſociety, is of the greateſt importance; I hope

I ſhall ſtand excuſed for hazarding a few thoughts on Friendſhip viewed in this light, and as the moſt likely of all diſpoſitions to promote general, as well as particular felicity.

Tho' I can plead the genuine dictates of a heart, warmed by the ſubject it has choſen; I would not preſume to riſk my own opinion, without the ſupport of ſome higher authorities; and if that great writer, Montagne, did not diſdain to enrich *his works* by this method, I truſt I ſhall not only be pardoned, but approved, for

for endeavouring thus to ornament my little Eſſay.

A few of the quotations I have introduced, I collected in my youth, without the names of the authors, or I ſhould have marked them—and I only wiſh the hints I have been able to furniſh, bore any proportion of merit to the examples produced to confirm them.

Should I be ſo happy, by the following pages, to touch the heart, or enlarge and animate its feelings—it will be a ſmall acknowledgement for the happineſs

I have received from ſociety, in the various connexions of my life.

And if to this is added, the indulgence of *that reſpected public*, to whoſe candour I am already ſo much indebted, my higheſt wiſhes will be gratified.

S. DOBSON.

Leverpool, Jan. 7, 1777.

BRITISH MUSEUM

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

DIALOGUE on FRIENDSHIP and SOCIETY.

A French writer has obſerved, that converſation is the ſoul of friendſhip; it may truly be ſaid that friendſhip is the ſoul of converſation, as it takes away every reſerve, and gives the fulleſt ſcope to the ſentiments and emotions of the ſoul.

Of this Amanda and Aſpaſia were happy examples; their union was formed at a period of life ſomewhat diſtant from the unexperienced paths of youth, and remote from the declining ſteps of age; their hearts had been ſof-

tened by trials, and were united with the ſtrongeſt ſympathy. Under many painful ſeparations they derived conſtant ſupport and felicity; from this mutual tenderneſs.

Theſe friends had paſſed ſome weeks together in the country, whither they retired to contemplate the beauties of Nature, and enjoy in perfect liberty each others converſation.

It was their cuſtom during the heat of the day to reſort to an arbour, which commanded a very fine proſpect; on one ſide was a hill diverſified with houſes, gardens, and ſloping valleys, enriched with cattle terminated by a large river which joined the main ocean to the North

North, and a ſpacious town to the South. On the oppoſite ſide of this river was a rock, whoſe pointed foundation, ſhelving into the ſea, awes even the ſkilful mariner when returning from his toilſome voyage he comes firſt in view of that friendly haven, where he may reſt from his labours, and enjoy the tender welcome of his wife and children.

Joining to this rock and extending for many miles you behold meadows, villas, and the diſtant mountains that border a part of the Welch coaſt. Theſe views, with the large veſſels and ſmall fiſhing boats, continually paſſing and repaſſing on the river, and the ſea, afforded ſo charming a proſpect that it never failed to ſtrike them with admiration and delight.

They were contemplating this ſcene as uſual, the ſea in particular attracted their notice; its magnificence was heightened by the brightneſs of the day, and the glittering topp'd veſſels in full ſail that were approaching the harbour.

The immenſity of ſuch a collection of waters, ſaid Amanda, their ſound, colour, and the agitation of the waves, has ſomething in it great and aſtoniſhing; and whilſt other objects in nature, though ſtriking at firſt, are apt to tire the imagination; and even the ſun itſelf, that glorious luminary, we ſeldom contemplate but when it is eclipſed, or ſunk near its evening region. We never ceaſe to admire the ſea; what is the occaſion of this? Our neglect of the

the ſun, ſaid Aſpaſia, may be owing to the pain of viewing ſo vaſt a body of light; but there is a variety in the ſea, which gives it this charm, as well as its neighbourhood, to us; ſometimes its waves ſeem wrapped up in the arms of ſleep; at others moving gently along, and there are hours when its agitation is extreme; its colour alſo changes continually; on the riſing and ſetting of the ſun it appears on fire, nor can I paſs over its beautiful languid countenance, when the ſhades of night fold themſelves over its boſom.

In which of theſe ſtates, ſaid Amanda, do you think it moſt agreeable?

I feel the moſt pleaſure when it is calm, ſaid Aſpaſia; a tranquil ſea is

like a ſerene mind; and as every thing appears with dignity in the laſt, ſo alſo do the objects on the firſt. How ſublime is the motion of that ſhip ſailing ſlowly and majeſtically along on this great abyſs of waters!

This obſervation is common, ſaid Amanda; but inviting as the ſea now appears, we cannot help admiring the temerity of that man who firſt abandoned himſelf to the mercy of its direction, fearleſs of rocks, and tempeſts, and the monſters hid in its abyſs; to him however it was owing that thoſe vaſt tracts of land and ſea are joined which by nature appeared totally ſeparated from each other.

There

There are, no doubt, ſome advantages attending commerce with other nations, reply'd Aſpaſia; yet when we reflect ſeriouſly, does it not appear to you they are leſſened by the deſtruction this element has made in the human race, as if there were not ſufficient cauſes of mortality on land? For my own part I wiſh none dear to me thus to expoſe themſelves; and though the ſhells we pick up on our banks are not eſteemed ſo precious, as the pearls the ſea encloſes; yet was contentment the aim of man, he would walk in peace along his native ſhore, and not ſeek remote pleaſures at the price of inward felicity.

Your remark is juſt, ſaid Aſpaſia, it is not the riches obtained by com-

merce that is its greateſt advantage, ſince they never fail to bring along with them that luxury which enervates human nature, and deſtroys at laſt the virtue and proſperity of every people. It is not the joining of ſea to ſea, and iſland as it were to continent ; but the joining of man to man, the uniting the hearts of Chriſtian, Pagan and Mahometan, and the teaching mankind to look on the whole world as the family of heaven, nor even to withhold their benevolence from Jew or Moor.

The true end of commerce ſays a fine writer, ‘ is to carry out bleſſings as well as bring them home, and to agrandiſe its own country without deſolating others.”

How

How wonderful, ſaid Amanda, is that motion called the flux and reflux of the ſea, when its waves, with wild regularity, puſhing one another forward form a thouſand different figures in their courſe; a ſtranger to it would ſuppoſe it was going to overwhelm the earth; yet theſe mountains of waves which threaten a ſecond deluge, are themſelves daſhed to-pieces againſt the ſand; and bow to that divine order, which hath ſaid, 'hitherto ſhalt thou go, and no further,' and here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed. This vaſt element adorned with iſlands and coaſts, enriched with a multitude of ſhining inhabitants, and with many beautiful and valuable productions for uſe and pleaſure, is indeed the theatre of di-

vine

vine magnificence, and thoſe clouds, whoſe various beauties it reflects, paſs like ſo many moving landſcapes, with ſtately grandeur and groteſque imagery over its ſpacious boſom.

Such ſublime ſcenes the more they are viewed, the more joy they will ever beſtow; and while the hours that are waſted in folly retain no trace of their flight, no memory of their importance or end; every moment ſpent in theſe contemplations is marked with delight; and when we behold ſuch goodneſs ſpread over that creation we are placed in, we lift up our heads with joy to the great Lord of all; and diſmiſſing every ſervile fear, become inſpired with the moſt chearful confidence in our Maker.

The

The objects of nature are not only ſoothing to the mind, replied Aſpaſia, but moſt friendly to the imagination; they dilate the heart, and draw out its kindeſt and moſt generous affections: ſuch pleaſures it muſt be owned are the privilege of minds not wholly occupied with the world; and above all of true friends; every ſubject is delightful with thoſe we love; but there is one in particular which I have long wiſhed to hear you explain, becauſe from happy experience I am convinced of your feelings concerning it. You will know I mean Friendſhip, about which there has been ſuch various opinions, from what ſource it is derived, its nature, extent and importance. It is no wonder, replied

plied Amanda, this pleaſing ſubject ſhould have afforded ſo much ſpeculation; yet I think it has been ſeldom conſidered in the light it ſeems to deſerve, its connection with, and uſe to the world, as well as to individuals; but on the contrary, has been entirely limited to the perſons concerned in it by ſome; or ſo generally explained by others, as to loſe its real properties.

I ſhall therefore be happy to take a view of this ſubject with you, not only reſpecting its diſtinct nature, but alſo as to the effects which are produced by its influence on ſociety.

The ſun was yet far above the horizon, when theſe friends ſeating themſelves in the moſt ſhady part of the arbour, Amanda thus began:

DIALOGUE ON FRIENDSHIP and SOCIETY.

THERE is a refinement in every virtue when we ſtrictly examine it, which in deſcription will often appear ideal; and in none perhaps ſo much as in friendſhip; and this renders it ſo difficult to deſcribe this exalted affection, and trace it to its original ſource!

Some have thought it was the mutual attraction of two ſouls, as ſays the Poet—

"But theſe to join, nature no council needs,
"Whom ſympathy her ſecret prieſt does wed."

GONDIBERT.

But

But this only declares a hidden feeling of mind.

There are men who have confined this bleſſing to their own ſex; its nature ſay they, is too exalted to ſuit minds occupied with trifles, and in conſequence ſubject to envy and caprice; but without any invidious compariſons, it may be aſſerted, there is a dignity in true friendſhip, to which mean ſouls of either ſex can never attain.

Others have ſuppoſed this ſympathy an union of ſoul alone, ſubſiſting between perſons of the ſame ſex, and ſubject to no ties but thoſe of the mind: and the friendſhips recorded in pro-

phane

phane and ſacred hiſtory are of this kind.

As to thoſe attachments which *under the veil* of friendſhip and refinement, have hazarded the fame, wounded the peace, or in any degree invaded the repoſe of families or individuals; they are undoubtedly as oppoſite to this ſacred affection, as light is oppoſite to darkneſs.

Laſtly, there are thoſe who have called eſteem Friendſhip, deriving it from all thoſe humane offices interchanged in ſociety, but though it is nouriſhed and confirmed by ſuch kind actions we ſhall perhaps ſee they neither create nor conſtitute friendſhip itſelf,

itſelf, at leaſt if Perſius the Roman Poet is to be credited, who thus beautifully deſcribes this affection:

" To thee my friend I freely do impart
" The every thought and ſecret of my heart,
" And in familiar ſpeech I'll let thee know
" How much I love thee, and how much I owe;
" Knock at my heart, for thou haſt ſkill to find
" If it ſound ſolid or be filled with wind;
" And thro' the veil of words thou view'ſt the naked mind.
" For this a hundred voices I deſire
" To tell thee what a hundred tongues wou'd tire;
" Yet never cou'd be worthily expreſt
" How deeply thou art ſeated in my breaſt;
" Long ſummer days thy precepts I rehearſe,
" And winter nights were ſhort in thy converſe.
" Sure at our birth ſome friendly planet ſhone
" And as our ſouls our horoſcope was one."

DRYDEN'S PERSIUS.

Here

Here Perſius aſcribes Friendſhip to the influence of the ſtars; but however fanciful this opinion, you will allow the force and excellence of his deſcription, and that it ſurpaſſes the ſentiment of eſteem.

Theſe different ideas of friendſhip are a proof it is not eaſy to trace its origin, and perhaps that part of the ſubject can never be perfectly underſtood. Even ſouls of congenial diſpoſition who feel its power, may be only able to form ſome pleaſing conjectures concerning it. And if this is true of them, to how many muſt it be in vain (if not incurring cenſure) to ſuppoſe its exiſtence, or explain its nature! and no wonder! for as Taſſo

in his Amyntas ſays, ſpeaking of inſenſibility:

" How can an obdurate and barren ſoul,
" Be ſtruck with pictures which it ne'er ima-
" gines;
" Would we thoſe Pictures to that ſoul explain,
" 'Tis to the blind man to harrangue on
" colours,
" 'Tis to the deaf to teach the charms of
" muſick.
" The mind muſt be of ſympathetic mould,
" That feels the charms of tenderneſs:
" They loſe their life in the cold copyiſts hand.
" Their ſpirit is too fine to bear transfuſion."

Stockdale's Tranſlation of Amintas.

Not only its origin but even Friendſhip itſelf may well be ſecret, ſaid Aſpaſia; for if it can only be known by experience; there are but few, I fear who will comprehend this exalted affection.

 There

pend in ſome meaſure (if not chiefly) on outward circumſtances, and appears to reſemble this ſacred union, in proportion as thoſe who form them, are warm and diſintereſted in their conduct.

In this view, ſaid Aſpaſia, Friendſhip does not appear to take its riſe from gratitude.

Noble as is this virtue, reply'd Amanda, the affection it creates is of a different kind: gratitude is a ſentiment produced by benefits conferred, rather than a feeling inſpired by ſympathy, and though I will not ſay, it cannot in any inſtance, yet I think it will rarely prove the foundation of an

union which ſuppoſes perfect love, independent of outward circumſtances. In theſe points many deceive themſelves; their attachments are very ſincere, but that mutual eaſe, that *equal* confidence is wanting, which conſtitutes Friendſhip. I am far from denying that a thouſand kind offices may be the offspring of gratitude, and much pleaſure derived from a connection wherein ſo amiable a virtue is diſplayed. But there is only one ſituation, I think, in which gratitude can produce the Friendſhip we are ſpeaking of, and that is, when the mind poſſeſſed with it, has, through diffidence, been withheld from the impulſe it was capable of; and its feelings have been drawn out

by

A perſon of underſtanding and benevolence being aſked whether it appeared that Reaſon and Time, or that Sympathy ſhould direct the firſt diſcloſure of the heart, gave this ſhort and pertinent anſwer; "I do "not know how reaſon could."

Sympathy, we may I think therefore aſſert, from whatever ſpring it is derived, to be the original director of our feelings in Friendſhip.

It is true, ſaid Aſpaſia, that we always believe thoſe we love amiable; and to confirm our affection they muſt prove ſo: but we do not know what it is that at firſt renders them ſo intereſting to us; and it is doubtleſs this defect in our know-

ledge that renders friendſhip ſo difficult to be traced to its original ſource. Nature in moſt caſes hides her oppe-rations; we view her works with delight, but we underſtand not the ſecret ſprings whereby they are produced.

The power of ſympathy in nature, ſaid Amanda, no one can deny; we behold the motion the load-ſtone excites in iron, but who can ſay from what cauſe that attraction is derived?

The ſource of that fam'd river in Egypt remain'd long unknown; and tho' ſome have ſaid, it takes its riſe in a lake in the province of Gayama in Ethiopia; this is ſtill doubted by many; but the treaſures it ſpreads

over

over the land it overflows, are not on that account the leſs valuable or delightful: And why ſhould not that impulſe which joins congeneal ſouls, be derived alſo from ſome ſecret power, and be as ſwift and ſure in its effects?

It is human vanity rather that human wiſdom to conceive the mind capable of univerſal knowledge; yet how many would trace ſecret things

"Even to his cloſet, who is hid in heaven."

GONDIBERT.

To judge of them by their effects, ſeems better ſuited to the condition of man; to riſe to their origin is perhaps the privilege of angels: it is

enough that ſo exalted an affection is indulged to human beings in any degree, during this infant ſtate of their exiſtence, and that they may hope in futurity for the diſſipation of thoſe clouds which ſo juſtly veil the dazzling light of ſympathy from the dim eyes of mortals.

Beſides theſe doubts concerning the origin of Friendſhip, it has been alſo debated whether it can be felt for more than one at the ſame time, and in the ſame degree.—Now, if Friendſhip is a ſympathetic union of ſouls; if it is, in ſome inſtances, ſo perfect, that a much beloved friend may be ſaid to be another ſelf, a ſelf in whoſe pleaſures, intereſts and affection, there is the moſt lively and active concern; this union

(wherever it takes place, in this utmoſt degree of human perfection) will certainly be diſtinct from and ſuperior to every other.

This ſympathy of mind has been alſo thought to claſh with the juſt and natural connexions of human life. But thoſe who thought ſo, did not perhaps conſider the various affections of which the mind is capable; who ever cenſured brotherly love joined with parental; or the love of parents for their children, with their mutual love of each other? Or who could wiſh to behold the heart contract itſelf into one circle, inſtead of expanding toward every object that could inſpire it with tenderneſs?

And

And why then is Friendſhip alone, which lives on ſympathy and virtue, to be baniſhed the human race? Alas! was it ſo, many would pine in joyleſs vacuity of heart whoſe moments are cheered and bleſſed by this deareſt cordial of the ſoul!

Few conſider, ſaid Aſpaſia, how much the conduct and value of men in ſociety are affected by the diſpoſition of their hearts. In two characters of equal talents, the one cold and inacceſſible, the other warmed by tenderneſs, how great is the ſuperiority and uſefulneſs of the latter! Senſibility ſupplies the place of penetration, and imparts not only particular but diffuſive activity. Underſtanding may

make

make men juſt, but it is this warmth of heart that renders them generous, and cauſes them to ſtep forth in the ſervice of others.

Of this I could bring many proofs; but Scipio alone is worth a multitude. "I was not the only man, ſays Letius, who was benefitted by his virtues; their luſtre beamed upon all he converſed with, and they will ſparkle and be perpetuated to poſterity."

We muſt not always judge from general opinion, ſaid Amanda, of the ſecret diſpoſitions of the heart; with thoſe who do ſo, a barren admiration and profeſſion of Friendſhip paſſes for the thing itſelf; a happy manner,

a lucky

a lucky conformity of taſte, aſſumes its name, but inherits not its perfection; this, however, proves the eſteem in which Friendſhip is held, and the deſire that every one has to be thought capable of this affection.

There is a ſimilitude, in many things viewed in general and at a diſtance, which on a cloſer examination are very eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Thus it is with a Friendſhip of this perfect kind, and the attachments which approach the neareſt to it, they appear the ſame to the world, and are only diſtinctly marked to the characters themſelves. Herein lies their difference; Friendſhip is derived ſolely from the inward feelings of the heart; while the other connexions in life de-

pend

There are perhaps no virtues, ſaid Amanda, that are perfectly underſtood by any, but thoſe who feel and practiſe them: it is not the number that really gives wieght to any profeſſion, but the perfection of its profeſſors; though few can be ſuppoſed to comprehend ſo exquiſite a feeling as Friendſhip; yet many may perceive its effects, and will find a charm, and derive advantage from the converſation of thoſe who poſſeſs it, they cannot eaſily account for, their capacity of pleaſing, though derived from the ſoul, is diffuſed over the body, and mixes in all its actions.

If you will allow me to aſcend ſo high, I would compare ſympathy to that

light which embelliſhes all Nature, though, in itſelf, ſo delicate and imperceptible, as to eſcape the moſt ſubtle penetration.

It was doubtleſs from this perſuaſion, ſaid Aſpaſia, the opinion has been ſo much oppoſed, that time and knowledge ſhould precede and produce the affection of mind.

This opinion was not wholly unreaſonable, ſaid Amanda, but it requires explanation. Friendſhip is perfected by time and knowledge, but they are not the ſource of it. How many do we know, in every period of life, whoſe worth engages our ſincere eſteem, yet for whom we feel no particular tenderneſs.

A per-

by the mind, to which it bore a near, but diſguiſed reſemblance.

This accounts, ſaid Aſpaſia, for thoſe diſappointments many meet with, who perceiving not the true ſource of attachments they formed; expected more from them than in the nature of things they could beſtow.

It is evident, ſaid Amanda, this is directly contrary to the nature of true Friendſhip, which always finds more than it expects, and is diſtinguiſhed from all other unions on earth, by its perfectly diſintereſted and open character. Even barbarous nations, as they are called, have borne their teſtimony to Friendſhip, and have indeed

been

been remarkable for the moſt noble inſtances of this virtue.

The Sycthians erected altars to this divinity, and invoked her protection: among them nothing was more ſacred than her rights; and they educated their children in the opinion, that ſhe producedto all, wealth, virtue, and felicity; they eternized the memory of illuſtrious friends; and the implacable hatred they bore to ſtrangers, did not prevent their bulding temples to Pylades and Oreſtes, and worſhipping them as Gods.

The great encomiums beſtowed on this virtue in all ages, ſaid Aſpaſia, however little felt or underſtood in general,

neral; muſt have been owing to this idea of its open and diſintereſted nature; which, it muſt be owned, the poliſh of cultivated nations does not tend to increaſe. And I have often thought, continued Aſpaſia, what delight the ſtudy of phyſiognomy would afford, could we be a little more certain in our conjectures, when we conſider the countenance as the index of the heart.

It is a ſtudy, reply'd Amanda, which is particularly connected with the preſent ſubject; for ſympathies are, no doubt, formed from the expreſſion of the countenance; and it is by the power of phyſiognomy that we diſcern the ſoul, which is often ſo ſtrongly marked in the face, that not only a man of un-

derſtanding and a man of feeling are at once ſeen; but by this knowledge has alſo been diſcovered, many ſecret diſpoſitions of the heart.

There is a well-known circumſtance of this ſort in the life of Alexander, from which a painting has been taken, wherein the magnanimity of Alexander is ſtrongly expreſſed: He is examining the countenance of his phyſician, after having drank off the potion, which he had been informed was intended to poiſon him.

The countenance, ſaid Aſpaſia, will diſtinguiſh one perſon, even with features that bear ſome reſemblance, from a hundred thouſand others. I have

often

often conſidered in what this air conſiſted, and I found it was not in the forehead, nor even in the eyes alone; that it was not in the regularity or delicacy of the features (faces of this kind having frequently the leaſt expreſſion); nor in the mere form or the colouring of the face; but an inexpreſſible ſomething reſulting from all, or rather a ſomething beyond them all.

The countenance is alſo very different at different periods of life, not owing to age or affliction, but to diſpoſition of mind. A painter drew the picture of a lady twice, at ſixteen and at thirty-ſix; in the firſt ſhe appeared with an open ſweetneſs of countenance, and an unaffected ſmile;

in the ſecond her brow was contracted, her eyes expreſſed a painful vivacity, and her ſmile was the ſmile of contempt: Both were drawn according to truth, and the variation, which had taken place in the character, was juſtly diſtinguiſhed in the latter.

It is this character, ſaid Amanda, ſo minutely ſtruck out, from a knowledge of the human countenance, that marks the diſtinction between the works of great and common artiſts, both in painting and ſculpture; and particularly in the latter, where the want of colouring ſeems to prove the ſuperiority of the art. It appears at firſt ſight, impoſſible to infuſe ſentiment into ſtone, but that it is poſſible,

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the ſtatues of the ancients are a proof; and Roubillac, among the moderns, has not only given ſentiment, but expreſſed the tender as well as the dreadful paſſions, in his admirable monuments.

Being aſked one day, by a friend, how he could produce, from ſtone, ſuch ſoft, and ſuch ſublime expreſſion; he modeſtly replied, "It be all in "de marble, I only pick it out."

If the ſtudy of the countenance will, in like manner, lead to the knowledge of the ſoul, it may ſhew us (as Montague in a ſtriking manner expreſſes it) "the great image of our Mother "Nature in her full majeſty; and we

" may read in her face that general and
" conſtant variety which affords ſo
" abundant and delightful a field for
" contemplation."

Each human being has a character inſcribed on its face, ſaid Aſpaſia; but to know this character we muſt be artiſts in phyſiognomy. The farcical changes and the ſtratagems of countenance that deceive others, and which are employed to maſk ignorance and folly, are immediately ſeen through if this knowledge is perfect.

Some have thought, ſaid Amanda, that this knowledge is an inſtinct of Nature, but it appears to me that it is obtained by a watchful obſervance of

the

the countenance: However this be, the giving way to it leads to an infinity of pleaſures, from the diverſity of diſpoſitions which every day, and every hour preſents to view.

There are many real advantages, ſaid Aſpaſia, attending the knowledge of phyſiognomy; and there is one in particular, which is, the eaſe with which the perſons who poſſeſs it, converſe with all mankind, and are capable, if they chooſe it, of adapting themſelves to every different character; but to do this, with ſucceſs, there muſt be, I think, a native turn of mind as well as much obſervation; ſuch perſons are as much delighted with the ſilent expreſſion of the coun-

tenance, when in its unſophiſticated ſtate, as others are with brilliant converſation: and while common obſervers only mark a penetrating look, or a ſingular expreſſion of features, they can pierce through the veil that ſeems to diſguiſe the heart.

It is certain, ſaid Amanda, we are chiefly to judge of the countenance in its calm and proper ſtate; thoſe ſituations that call it forth to public view, are however, very intereſting to behold.

Indeed, it is admirable to ſee the change a moment will produce in the ſoul, in ſome critical circumſtance of life.

We

We are told, that when Monimia diſcovered to Mithridates her love for Xiphares, the change of his countenance inſtantly convinced her of her own misfortune, and the ruin of Xiphares.

The countenance, when calm, appears, to an artiſt in phyſiognomy, to bear ſome marks of the character which ſuch circumſtances will bring to light, and he will judge in what manner the ſoul will then be agitated, from reading it in thoſe moments it lies moſt concealed from others.

This knowledge, ſaid Aſpaſia, leads to a juſt view of human nature, and reſembles the few able hiſtorians, who

unite

unite the good and the bad, that are intermixed in all characters; and which is abſolutely neceſſary to develope them.

Man is a compound being, but we almoſt always conſider him falſely, becauſe we behold him only in one point of view.

That man is moſt likely to prove a ſolid friend, who knows how to account for the errors as well as virtues of thoſe he unites with; for certainly no man of ſenſe or feeling will renounce a friend becauſe he has errors, but he will be more likely, from this knowledge, to counter-balance them with the inward excellencies his diſcernment

cernment will diſcover, and *to dwell upon the favourable* rather than the unfavourable part of the character.

I cannot help thinking that many inconveniencies, which ariſe in our connections in life; and above all that cenſorious diſpoſition ſo many indulge, is in ſome meaſure owing to their ignorance of this uſeful ſcience of phyſiognomy.

With reſpect to the connexions we form in ſociety, ſaid Amanda, and our judgment of characters, there can be no doubt of its importance.

It was from this knowledge, that on the obſervation of the countenance of

Socrates,

Socrates, Zopirus rightly judged he had been ſubject to vicious inclinations.

It was from the view of Sylla's countenance that Arobazus, ambaſſador of the Parthians, exclaimed, "I "am aſtoniſhed that a Roman can "bear to own a ſuperior."

And if Cicero had judged of Cæſar by his phyſiognomy (inſtead of his effeminate dreſs, as Cæſar judged of Caſſius and Dolabella) he would never, as he owned after the battle of Pharſalia, have taken the party of Pompey againſt him. Being aſked how he came to be deceived in Cæſar; "his "dreſs deceived me, ſaid Cicero,

"for

"for when I viewed his gown
"fringed and taffelled round the
"edges, and his hair flowing in
"waving ringlets down his back,
"while fearing to diſorder it, he
"ſcratched his head with one fin-
"ger, I could not perſuade myſelf,
"that one ſo apparelled, could have
"ſpirit enough for ſo hardy an at-
"tempt."

The ſigns that are conveyed by the outward appearance, ſaid Aſpaſia, ought never to be mixed with the ſcience of phyſiognomy; they are accidental, rather than inward, and ſolid tokens of the character: And they

they ſeldom, if ever, extend to the knowledge of the heart.

There is an anecdote of the famous Anthony Coipel, that being at the Italian comedy, a perſon who ſat near him diſcovered he was a painter, becauſe during the piece, in which he appeared deeply intereſted, he held his thumb in the ſame elevated poſition as if it was ſupporting his pallet. There is a certain peculiarity of form, and of manner, which like that of this painters, ſerves to diſcover the profeſſion ſome men are of, and even the country to which they belong.

This reminds me, ſaid Amanda, of a ſingular anecdote I heard related by a very ingenious man,

as

as a fact from history, that after a battle compoſed of people of different countries, wherein there had been a great ſlaughter, the individuals of each nation were diſtinguiſhed from one another, by the particular ſhape of their ſkulls; the binding of the head, in various manners, as is practiſed by ſome people, or the having it conſtantly expoſed as among others; might perhaps contribute to this difference of form.

In how ſtriking a manner, continued Aſpaſia, has that great ſearcher into nature, given his teſtimony in favour of phyſiognomy, by placing the love and knowledge of it, in one of the greateſt and moſt worthy of his dramatic characters; and with his uſual depth of thuught.

thought deſcribed its power, to pierce thro' the diſguiſe of outward ſituation.

"There is written in your brow, Provoſt, honeſty and conſtancy—if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me:—But on the boldneſs of my opinion, I will lay myſelf in hazard,

This is a gentle Provoſt, ſeldom when,
The ſteeled jaylor, is the friend of men."

MEASURE for MEASURE.

It is, no doubt, from a ſkill in phyſiognomy, ſaid Amanda, that ſome perſons, on a firſt meeting, announce to each other many things that paſs in the ſoul. This is laughed at by ignorance, and ſo are all the privileges of a diſtinguiſhing ſenſibility; but this knowledge, I have always thought the cement of that ſympathy, which aſtoniſhes the bulk of mankind.

Sup-

Suppoſing it derived in any meaſure from inſtinct, yet to arrive at perfection in this knowledge, we muſt obſerve the frame and temper of the body, as well as the faculties of the mind. The conſtant and intimate communication which the one has with the other, renders this abſolutely neceſſary; and this is a ſtudy which leads to the higheſt reverence and admiration of the great Creator, and muſt therefore be delightful to every grateful mind.

Among thoſe, where the contemplation of Nature is carried to its due height, and with the profeſſors of medicine, who have arrived at this neceſſary eminence in their art (without which,

ſays

ſays my Lord Bacon, the phyſician may cure the diſeaſe but kill the patient) the knowledge of phyſiognomy muſt be more perfect than in others, if their diſpoſition leads them to apply their ſkill in phyſicks to the purpoſes of the mind.

It was ſaid of Hippocrates (and no eulogium could be more perfect) that he judged immediately of the whole ſtate of the body from once beholding the perſon diſeaſed.

It is the ſame, in a great meaſure, with an artiſt in phyſiognomy reſpecting the mind.

Viewed

Viewed in this philoſophic light, this ſubject deſerves attention; but the determining the character by ſome ſingular marks, ſuch as a lip, a noſe, or a tooth, unconnected with the aſſemblage of features, and the various colours of the face, and a total want of that feeling in the obſerver, which can alone direct his ſearch in ſo intricate a path, has very juſtly brought this uſeful ſcience into ridicule and contempt.

Thoſe who poſſeſs this knowledge, ſaid Aſpaſia, may, indeed, be ſaid to have a world within themſelves. Who can read the beautiful effuſions of Mr. Sterne without ardently deſiring to partake with him, this penetrating,

this admirable inſight into the characters of mankind: And, indeed, it appears to me, that phyſiognomy has been decried, for the very reaſon it ought to have been admired, becauſe it is ſuppoſed to portray the whole character, and muſt therefore lead to the diſagreeable, as well as to the pleaſing qualities of thoſe we converſe with; and, that when we trace the former in the countenance, it will inſpire us with averſion and diſguſt.

It is true, this knowledge will not make us ſo romantic, as to picture any of our fellow creatures perfect, *as ſome refined Noveliſts have done*, and therefore lead us continually wrong in our conjectures and opinions concerning them

them; but it will do what romance is incapable of; it will bring to light thoſe many internal virtues which, ſhrunk by modeſty or misfortune, have been buried far, *far* from the view, of *ſuperficial obſervers*. Faults, without graces, are viſible to the meaneſt capacities, and they are the food of malicious minds; but to trace the amiable character of the ſoul, as well as to perceive its errors, is the portion of diſcernment; and to enjoy affection in all the degrees of which the mind is capable, is its glorious reward.

Love produces that true chearfulneſs which virtue delights in: Love is the moſt perfect image of heaven we can have on earth, and therefore aver-

ſion and diſguſt ought to be dreaded and ſhunned; and thoſe inward feelings in the mind of the obſerver derived from the countenance, he obſerves, which render ſome perſons diſagreeable to others, have been found on experience, the voice of Nature, to oppoſe thoſe diſſimular unions, which have, in the end, proved foreign to the heart; and they are alſo of great uſe, in general, to prevent many hours being irkſomely ſpent with perſons of an oppoſite taſte and capacity, which, properly beſtowed, would paſs with delight and advantage.

But tho' we may juſtly decline the ſociety that is diſagreeable to us; to cenſure or contemn them is the want

of

of nature and humanity. We are ſtrongly obliged to allow the ſame liberty to all we wiſh to poſſeſs; and are led to admire that variety which Providence has diſpenſed to the human mind, whereby all may enjoy the pleaſures ſuited to their original frame.

This diſtinction in our feelings, ſaid Amanda, will alſo preſerve us from all inſincerity in our connexions, and from that common vice, the ſemblance of attachment without the reality.

And, indeed, if we ever hope to enjoy that true friendſhip which lays open the whole heart, and which is above every painful diſguiſe, we muſt be *wholly* free from art.

My Lord Bacon, ſpeaking of friendſhip, ſays, " The principal fruit of " this affection is the eaſe and diſcharge " of the fullneſs and ſwellings of the " heart. You may take ſarza (ſays " he) to open the liver, ſteel to open " the ſpleen, flower of ſulphur for the " lungs, caſtoreum for the brain; " but no receipt openeth the heart " but a true friend, to whom you " may impart whatever lieth upon " the heart to oppreſs it, in a kind of " civil ſhrift or confeſſion :" And he adds, that " Commines obſerved of his " maſter, Duke Charles, that he " would communicate his ſecrets with " none, and leaſt of all thoſe that " troubled him moſt. Whereupon " (ſaith he) toward his latter time, this

" cloſe-

" cloſeneſs did impair, and a little periſh
" his underſtanding; for as in bodies,
" union ſtrengtheneth and cheriſheth
" any natural action, and weakeneth
" and dulleth any violent impreſſion;
" ſo it is with minds, union of mind
" maketh day light in the underſtand-
" ing, which is clarified and broken
" up in communication.

" Such friendly communication is
" never to be enjoyed where there is
" any degree of art or diſſimulation."

Art is the bane of every felicity on earth; but in particular (if you will allow me the expreſſion) it is the aſſaſſin of friendſhip. Alas! when men give way to the ſmalleſt impreſſion of art, they think not they are adding

fuel to every ill paſſion, defacing the image of heaven on their minds, and riſking with their preſent enjoyment their future hopes. They reflect not that they are cloathing themſelves with a garment, they cannot even with life itſelf put off, for like that *corroſive* which when it once penetrates, conſumes the fleſh; ſo will art, when infuſed into the mind, gain deeper and deeper hold, till at laſt it will totally deſtroy it.

Was this noxious diſpoſition once baniſhed the world, it would become an earthly paradiſe, and the falſe parade that attends almoſt every rank in life, would loſe its influence; all would be friendly at leaſt: but inſtead

ſtead of this, ſo great is the neglect of each others eaſe and improvement, that form occupies the place of friendlineſs; and as a good Writer ſays, "It is counted pedantry and a defect of breeding, to hazard any ſentiment that paſſes the bounds of meer politeneſs."

"In company men ſeem as ſhy of notions, ſays the ſame Author, as of a hidden treaſure; and their minds are rather a grave to bury if they really poſſeſs it, than a fountain from whence any may be able to extract wiſdom. No wonder then that a recluſe life ſhould be thought by many a bleſſed aſſylum from ſuch follies. But were the ſouls of good men lodged in tranſparent caſes now, as we live in

hope

hope they ſhall be hereafter, what a fund of joy would ſociety impart!"

NORRIS.

The obſervation of this author, ſaid Aſpaſia, reminds me of the man who was preſented with a bonnet, which, whenever he put it on, was to diſcover to him the bottom of the ſoul, unknown to the perſons he converſed with.

This good man and his bonnet accordingly went about diſcovering the ſecret thoughts of all he met with; but the event was not very delightful to him; his wife proved unfaithful, and his children unkind; the hearts of his friends he found governed by

intereſt,

intereſt, and his acquaintance told him he was very impertinent, at the ſame inſtant that they held out their arms to embrace him with all the marks of a ſincere cordiality. In ſhort, every moment he met with a thouſand diſguſts, inſomuch that our good man finding no comfort in his new bonnet, threw it in a violent paſſion into the mill-dam, Take thee who will for me, ſays he, I've done with thee, I'faith.

LA MOTTE.

This fable, ſaid Amanda, may in ſome inſtances prove a juſt ſatire on the conduct of men; but the ſentiments of Mr. Norris does honour to the heart of the author; and the connections of mankind, if they wiſh

for

for happineſs, muſt bear ſome reſemblance to his opinion. They muſt be the humane bond of a general, as ſympathy is the particular tie of a private union: and ſo they would be, if the ſocial hours of life were devoted to friendly converſation, inſtead of thoſe employments that lead to vanity or avarice; and the levelling rather than diſtinguiſhing the different characters of mankind.

The excellent writer of Fitzoſborne's letters, ſets forth in a very lively manner this common abuſe of time. Speaking of thoſe whom he calls viſitors by profeſſion:

" I had rather, ſays this Writer, be in the land where all things are forgotten; they invade every place, and was one to fly into the deſart, one ſhould be ſtunned with their unmeaning voice crying even in the wilderneſs. They ſpread themſelves in truth over the face of the whole earth; and lay waſte the faireſt hours of converſation. Were we to live to the years of the Antideluvians, one might afford this expence of time; but ſince the days of man are ſhrunk into a few haſty revolutions of the ſun, whole afternoons are too great a ſacrifice to be offered up to tame civility, eſpecially when we conſider, that they who have ſo much of the form, have always leaſt of the power

of

of friendſhip; and though they will craze their chariot wheels to deſtroy your repoſe, they would not drive half the length of a ſtreet to relieve your diſtreſs."

It is certainly owing to a love of empty ſhow and unmeaning diſtinctions, ſaid Aſpaſia, that mankind are ſo little cordial in their intercourſe with one another.

Viſits of ceremony may ſometimes be neceſſary introductions to ſociety, but they can hardly be juſtified as the conſtant mode of it; for if ſympathy and goodwill lead to happineſs, how widely do they err who ſeek it from accidental advantages.

The

The effects that are produced by this love of empty ſhow, ſaid Amanda, are not only abſurd, but often fatal to the peace of families, and bring juſt cenſure and ridicule on the conduct of individuals. "In the common practice of the world, ſays Swift, thoſe who poſſeſs moſt wealth, make the leaſt parade, which they leave to others, who have nothing to bear them out in ſhewing their faces on the Exchange;" and certainly, none can be juſtified, who to indulge their vanity, employ any part of that property in ornament and expence, which, either by miſconduct in themſelves, or thoſe they are concerned with, they owe to others; for no one can have a right to give or ſpend in this manner, while one debt they can diſcharge remains unpaid.—An Engliſh Ducheſs, noble by birth, but more noble by diſpoſition, obſerving her Lord's affairs in great diſorder, contracted all her expences, and was always

ſeen in a ſtuff gown herſelf; till by this generous parſimony, ſhe had diſcharged all debts, and redeemed the Duke's eſtate—what heart-felt ſatisfaction muſt ſuch a mind have poſſeſſed!—Could folly be put to the bluſh, ſaid Aſpaſia, it would be by viewing ſuch an illuſtrious character—men may deceive for a time, by a ſpecious outſide, but it is from integrity of heart alone, that they can enjoy, or that they can impart felicity.—This is the *only* foundation of ſocial benevolence, for none can be in concord with others, that are not in harmony with themſelves; and the indulgence of pride, vanity, and luxury, (however flattering in their firſt appearance) may deſtroy, but can never produce tranquility.

When Agathocles, who was the ſon of a potter, came to be king of Sicily, he kept an earthen cup cloſe by a gol-

den

den one on the table before him; and pointing to the former, this, ſaid he, to thoſe who came to viſit him, is the reward of induſtry; the other is the gift of fortune.

It is the glory of friendſhip to increaſe real, and ſet at nought artificial happineſs; not to annihilate the proper diſtinctions in human life, but to give them their juſt place, and to exalt that worth which lies neglected in obſcurity.

The advantages that render men conſpicuous, ſaid Amanda, ſhould make them uſeful alſo; rank ſhould confer honour on unprotected merit; and riches raiſe to notice, dependent

worth: a kind and chearful diſpoſition ſhould accompany a beautiful and accompliſhed form; and the praiſes beſtowed on underſtanding and virtue, by the liberal and judicious, ought to produce that tender, grateful, and heart-felt modeſty, that many latent errors ſhould ſuggeſt to the conſcious mind.

If merit is the only true baſis of reſpect, no profeſſion of life, where virtue and genius maintain real dignity, ſhould be thought degrading to its poſſeſſors, or deprive them of that countenance which is due to every worthy character, and particularly to thoſe whoſe ſituation expoſes them to many difficulties and temptations.

There

There is an encomium to this purpoſe paid by ſo great a man, that I muſt digreſs ſo far as to mention it.

Mr. Addiſon, ſpeaking of Mr. Betterton the comedian, I had received from his action (ſays he) more ſtrong impreſſions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the moſt ſolid philoſophers; or the deſcriptions of the moſt charming poets. He ought ever to be remembered with reſpect; for he was ſober, modeſt and friendly; extremely induſtrious in his profeſſion, and ſpared no pains to encourage merit, and improve a riſing genius: he kept the beſt company, and lived in the ſtricteſt amity with his wife

forty years, who was an actreſs alſo, and a woman of great merit. And he adds, what a noble diverſion would that of the theatre be, was it ſo regulated as to render its influence univerſally uſeful.

I have often wondered, ſaid Aſpaſia, at the prejudice many ſenſible minds retain againſt perſons in this profeſſion, while they encourage it at the ſame time by their attendance on the theatre.

When we conſider, replied Amanda, the excellence of this entertainment, taken in ſelect pieces, judiciouſly choſen, and well ſupported; it is not at all ſurpriſing that it ſhould

have

have gained the approbation of the moſt worthy, while the bad lives of many in this profeſſion have juſtified ſuch cenſures, and involved ſome in the general odium, who were deſerving of great reſpect. But there have always been perſons who have thought and acted differently, as well as Mr. Addiſon; and it has been for this reaſon they have done ſo; becauſe the danger and difficulty which attend ſuch a calling, ſo greatly heightens the merit, of thoſe, who engaging in it from genius, have adorned it alſo by their private virtues.——I am happy in the knowledge of ſuch characters, whoſe exemplary conduct and whoſe filial piety, would do honour to *any* ſtation. And it ſeems juſt to diſtinguiſh the worthy of this profeſſion;

not only becauſe ſociety is neceſſary to all, to refreſh the mind after labour, (and they cannot enjoy converſation with different characters in the ſame profeſſion) but from gratitude to them, for having contributed to lighten the cares of life, by ſharing in the toil of theſe public exhibitions. Voltaire obſerves, in a letter to Mademoiſelle Clairon, " That the Money deſtined to defray the expences of the theatre in Athens, was eſteemed ſacred, and never touched even on the moſt preſſing occaſions; and in ancient Rome, ſays he, they went further; in a time of general ſickneſs, they ordered a Comedy to be played, and the diſtemper ceaſed; a good phyſician will not be ſurpriſed at this, ſays Voltaire, for he knows

that

that an honeſt pleaſure is the beſt receipt for health.

It is not the leaſt encomium of friendſhip, continued Amanda, that it is connected with every ſentiment that adorns humanity; and while it flies from tumult and diſſipation, delights in every means of cultivating the underſtanding and the heart. By cheriſhing this ſweetneſs and diſpenſing this knowledge, true friends are the higheſt of all benefactors; for they give what wealth cannot purchaſe, and what time cannot deſtroy.

Many, ſaid Aſpaſia, have thought retirement eſſential to the cultivation of friendſhip, from the leiſure it gives for theſe purſuits.

The pleaſures of Friendſhip are active, ſaid Amanda; they ariſe from feeling, and are nouriſhed in liberty; they are the pleaſures of the mind, and cannot be perfectly enjoyed in the crowd of public life; but they need not be confined to a cell: In every ſituation, that is capable of reflection and virtue, they may be found; but they will perhaps flouriſh the moſt in calm and private ſtations; even the benefits of ſociety would be more felt, if its engagements were more limitted.—It is to be lamented this is not conſidered, for it is not the ſeeing a great deal of the world (or catching as it were the outlines of a thouſand faces) that will fit us to live in it with enjoyment; but reflecting thoroughly on the characters we behold, and taking

the

the intereſts of our fellow creatures to our hearts by a cordial attention toward them.

Superficial forms, and a numerous and tranſient acquaintance, ſaid Aſpaſia, are ſeldom the cement of this kindneſs; time and continual exertion of mind is neceſſary to produce theſe benevolent affections, and true chearfulneſs is the reward of ſocial zeal; Whereas that inſipid gravity, or that noiſy buſtle that belong to the general forms of converſation, give an empty appearance of wiſdom and joy; and may be compared to what one ſays of certain vegetables, they are good in themſelves; but when ill prepared,

they

they nouriſh vapours and indigeſtion, that trouble rather than aſſiſt the brain."

On reflection we ſhall find the greateſt men in all ages have given their teſtimony in favour of ſelect ſociety, and a contemplative life.

We are told of Plautus, the Roman poet and philoſopher, that he was given up in his youth to the vanities of the world; on his entrance into life he was a ſoldier, after this he tried his fortune at ſea; on his return he became a baker, a taylor, a merchant, and heaven knows how many profeſſions he try'd, before he gave himſelf up to the ſtudy of philoſophy. One

day

day being aſked in what ſituation he he had found moſt repoſe and pleaſure, he thus anſwered:

There is no condition in which a change is not deſired, no poſt of honour without peril, no riches without anxiety, no proſperity without end, nor any pleaſure without wearineſs; inſomuch that if I have ever enjoyed repoſe, it is ſince I have devoted myſelf to ſtudy and contemplation.—*Conſiderationes ſur les moeurs.*

It is ſurpriſing, ſaid Amanda, that any ſhould have thought friendſhip could be cultivated without leiſure to unfold the heart, and converſe in perfect liberty. In ſolitude, the ſoul, abſtracted,

ſtracted from the world, becomes improved and capacitated for friendſhip.

It is the diſtinguiſhing privilege of a reaſonable being to be capable of meditation; it not only enables him to form an union with thoſe admirable men in all ages who ſtill live in their works, *and ſhould live in our hearts*; but it affords a grand and delightful opening into many exalted ſcenes; meditation allies men to angels.

The ſublime pleaſures attending ſuch contemplations are beautifully deſcribed by a Mr. Norris in his lines on melancholy:

" She

She leads me through the woods and groves,
Makes me deſpiſe inferior loves;
I give my paſſions and my ſoul to thee,
Thou darling friend refined melancholy.
With thee I love to be, in ſolitude and deep
obſcurity;
'Tis truly ſaid, the brighteſt mind,
Is that which is by thee refined;
Give me to know that true philoſophy,
Which is inſpired by virtuous melancholy!

There is a great diſtinction (though not always underſtood) between this exalted feeling of the mind, and that gloom which is cheriſhed in diſtreſs; and leads to deſpair and a total ſeclu-ſion from the world.

Man is not made to live wholly in ſolitude; but ſolitude is often ne-ceſſary for man, to ſtrengthen that

virtue

virtue which the commerce of the world is apt to weaken and deſtroy.

He may even be ſo great a ſufferer by the ſenſibility of his heart, as to eſtrange himſelf for a time from mankind; but reflection will direct his courſe to felicity and ſocial virtue.

If the following ſhort ſtory from *Les Socreés Helvetiennes*, will not treſpaſs on our ſubject, it has character and ſentiment (though mixed with ſome imagination) that will ſerve to illuſtrate this truth.

The ſoul of Zipea was tender and ſincere; and his paſſion was exceſs of virtue: On his countenance was painted

painted the faithful expreſſion of a heart which could wear no diſguiſe. His features, though irregular, had an irreſiſtable charm, and one might read in his eyes, the diſtreſs he ſuffered for miſery, or the indignation he felt againſt pride. He was tremblingly alive on every view of this kind; and with great qualities and ſuperior graces, he ſucceeded with many, but was envied by more.

A lively joy had enchanted his youthful years, and while he yet believed, that what men thought and ſaid were the ſame; he remained in this facination.

He had even given birth to ſocial enjoyment where it was not; and had confirmed and heightened its delights, where it was in any degree to be found.

But Zipea had yet only felt, he had ſtill to reflect: The firſt falſhood he diſcovered cauſed his firſt reflection: That was a bitter one, and what was worſe it drew on many others. What he had thought only a miſtaken idiom in the language of others, his experience now found a cruel reality.

He pierced through the maſk of falſhood, and he bluſhed for the errors of men. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and ſecurity fled from his ſoul.

The

The ſweet ſmile of ingenuity was exiled from his lips, and Zipea was diſinchanted.

Zipea was generous, but ingratitude poiſoned the celeſtial pleaſure of beneficence. He came to want himſelf, and the arrogance of his benefactors oppreſſed him more than his misfortunes. A profound gloom poſſeſſed his whole frame, and clouded the ſweetneſs of his mind.

Alas! ſaid he, when time had leſſened his grief, why am I wretched and forlorn! I have ſeen the world, but I have not diſtinguiſhed.—Happineſs is not in the crowd—A crowd is the abuſe of ſociety, and not the

peaceful road it was deſtined to take by nature. Private life is the ſeat of happineſs, and on this little theatre it can alone be found.

I have a father whom I venerate, more becauſe he is virtuous than becauſe he is my parent. My filial care ſhall rejoice his age, and his comfort will be my felicity.

I have a brother; heaven, not nature form'd the bond that united us. We will love and defend each other.

The miſtreſs of my heart is not only amiable, but full of tenderneſs.

I have even a friend who is my

other

other ſelf. Heaven and Earth, of what do I then complain!

Theſe ſoothing reflections diſpell'd the clouds of grief, and calmneſs return'd to the ſoul of Zipea.

Inward peace reſtor'd his outward chearfulneſs; and when he met with thoſe who had injured him, his mild look announced their pardon, and he forgave the wicked for the ſake of the good.

Zipea flies to his father's houſe. He arrives juſt as the funereal torches were ſurrounding the corpſe of his parent. The advice of twenty ignorant phyſicians, whom a blind tenderneſs had

collected round the ſick man, had completely finiſhed what an indiſpoſition had ſcarcely begun.

Tho' his father had left him his heir, time alone could relieve the grief of Zipea's heart. He deſired to ſhare his fortune with his brother; it appeared to him more equitable then to be the heir. But the brother inſiſted on the forms.—A bad lawyer made out a bad title,—and Zipea was ruined.

My Friend! my Miſtreſs! yet remain, ſaid he:—I am ſtill rich. My Friend! my Miſtreſs! You ſhall both aid me to forget a prefidious world! You ſhall aſſiſt me to plant flowers

on

on the tomb of my father: And, perhaps ſome future day, the example of our diſintereſted hearts, will purify the ſoul of *that* brother, who muſt tread our path to reap our pleaſures.

Theſe delightful proſpects gave wings to the ſteps of Zipea. Already he approaches the retreat which contains all that is dear to him; but on his entrance, what does he behold? His friend at the feet of his Miſtreſs! Rage ſucceeds aſtoniſhment; and he flies, without uttering a ſingle word, from a place which he will never more behold.

All the misfortunes of life ſeem now collected in one point: He wanders

he

he knows not whither, till exhauſted with fatigue and miſery, he falls motionleſs on the ground.

A peaſant, whoſe hut was not far off, carried him home, and committed him to the care of his wife. Their kindneſs reſtored him to ſenſe; and their benevolence and native ſimplicity endear'd them to his heart.

To relieve his mind in ſolitude he often reſorted to a neighbouring wood: One day, when he ſtray'd beyond his uſual walk, he obſerved a path in the hollow of a mountain; he follows it—it led to the mouth of a tremendous cavern; he enters—its horrors relieve his deſolated mind—he

ſighs

ſighs aloud—a hundred hollow echoes repeat the ſound—he continues to feel out his path, which leads him out of the cavern into a deep valley, ſurrounded with pointed rocks—here he ſtopped; and pauſing a-while—To this aweful abode of gloom and ſilence, ſaid Zipea, I will retire;—here I will live, and here will I die—here, without being branded for a viſionary, I may lift up my hands and my heart to heaven; and here I ſhall eſcape the laugh of the unfeeling, when I weep over the errors of humanity.

I will ſeek my bow and arrow; the fruits of the earth will help to ſuſtain me; it is now I ſhall live in peace, and nothing will be wanting to Zipea.

Theſe

These were the thoughts of Zipea in the moment of despair: with these views he returned to pass through the cavern, but mistaking the path, he comes out on a different spot from that he at first entered; and beholds a plain shaded with beautiful trees, on whose branches the birds caroled their tender songs of friendship and of love.

This delightful scene recalled the tenderness of Zipea's heart. Alas! cried he, what would I have done? all nature invites to society! and shall the stream that runs from yon mountain, reflecting to my eyes the semblance of my own form, be the only human features? I shall ever more behold!

Come, my unhappy brother, my perjured miſtreſs, and my faithleſs friend; come my worſt enemy, and view a monſter, the only one of his ſpecies—O ſociety! who is that wretch that can deny thy bleſſings?

Overcome by anguiſh, he ſwooned in uttering theſe words; when a piercing cry reſtored him to ſenſe. He ſtarts up, and beholds, not a perfidious, but a true and tender miſtreſs; who had ſought him in this deſart, and not finding him, had lived ſolitary for a year near that cavern to which chance had conducted the ſteps of Zipea. While his friend, with all the tenderneſs of returning friendſhip, was weeping his loſs, and his own guilt;

rendered

rendered ever unſucceſsful by the virtue that oppoſed it.

Zipea quitted his deſart without regret, and ſought out his penitent friend who had baniſhed himſelf from the world. His brother, who had ſhed many tears over that gold, to which he had ſacrificed his virtue; touched with the ſight of his long loſt brother, divided with him his fortune.

But the agitation of Zipea's mind was too much for his frame, and a violent ſickneſs made every one tremble for his life.

Happily

Happily a phyſician, who conſulted nature inſtead of art, and who cheriſhed humanity beyond gold, cured Zipea, with little phyſic, and leſs parade; and became his ſincere and conſtant friend through life.

Zipea was now once more a mild and happy being; proſperity made him only the more modeſt, and the more indulgent.—He felt that men could not be perfect, but that they might be reformed.—His ſweetneſs diſarmed even envy itſelf; and he left this leſſon to his children, that to deſpair at all, is to deſpair too ſoon: and that men can never be happy themſelves, unleſs they contribute to the happineſs of ſociety.

So

So many, ſaid Aſpaſia, have adopted the extremes in their plan of life, that whatever tends to promote the proper union of ſolitude, and of ſociety, muſt be of ſervice to mankind.

It would ſeem extraordinary if it was not ſo common, that perſons who have never fitted themſelves by reflection to enjoy converſation, ſhould yet engage in it without heſitation, and talk of it with rapture!

It is not very difficult, ſaid Amanda, to aſſign reaſons for this. It is owing in ſome to a poverty of mind which is ſatisfied with ſound, inſtead of ſenſe, in others perhaps to a worſe motive, an impertinent deſire of meddling with the affairs of others. Plautus has

given

given the characters of theſe goſſiping chronicles with great humour:

Every thing they will pretend to know, yet nothing know.

They'll dive into your breaſt, and learn your thoughts preſent and future;—nay, they can diſcover what the King whiſpered in her Highneſs' ear;—and tell what paſſed in Juno's chat with Jove. They know what never was, nor ever will be; whether they praiſe or diſpraiſe right or wrong, they care not,—but invent whate'er they pleaſe.

THORNTON'S PLAUTUS.

Too many there are who by theſe mean artifices, leſſen the virtues, and place in the moſt conſpicuous light, the errors of their neighbours: at leaſt

till

till they talk themſelves out of credit, and the invective falls where it ought. They become the victims of their own malice, and then, like the blade of Hudibras,

They eat into themſelves for lack
Of ſome body to hew and hack.

In others, a deſire of diſplaying ſome ſmall pittance of wit or knowledge, or a love of diſputation or contradiction, gives riſe to a torrent of language, which they call eloquent converſation.

There are even thoſe who ſeverely ſatyrize, while they affect to praiſe; and there are not a few, whoſe vulgar ſneers, and idle witicifms, paſs current with low and ſuperficial minds: but ſuch manners need very little comment to prove their baſeneſs, any more

more than the cuſtom of turning the abſent into ridicule, from envy, malice, or ſome private pique; or for thoſe errors incident to humanity, and in which, though in different ways, all mankind are partakers.

Such perſons, ſaid Aſpaſia, whether envy is their motive or not, may at leaſt be ſuppoſed ignorant enough to anſwer the character that Demetrius gave of his ſoldiers.

Having taken Megara, he ſent for Stilbon the philoſopher, and aſked him if any of his ſoldiers had pillaged ought out of the city; not one of them, anſwered Stilbon.

Truly I have not ſeen any of them, ſaid Demetrius, who appear to have pillaged any ſcience.

It is very eaſy to ſee, replied Amanda, that the bonds of ſociety are weakened, and that friendſhip can never ſubſiſt with ſuch diſpoſitions as theſe. They have generally their ſource in idleneſs; and a want of that employment for the mind, its natural activity requires.

The Romans, we are informed, divided the day into two diſtinct ſcenes, the one for ſtudy or buſineſs, the other for ſuch exerciſes and amuſements as would preſerve the mind and the body in full vigour.

The

The firſt hours in the afternoon, (for ſupper was their great meal) were allotted to bodily exerciſes; and in them the youth of faſhion practiſed martial feats of activity. Perſons who loved ſedate amuſements met together in their gardens, marble cloiſters, and galleries, which were of a prodigious length, diſcourſing gravely or pleaſantly according to their different humours: and hither reſorted the Poets to recite their works. How agreeable to good ſenſe were ſuch diviſions of their time.

In this admirable induſtry, all nature was their example, and ought to be ours; for all nature is full of activity, and from the domeſtic animals

that guard our ſafety, and even from the little fly that enlivens our board, we may learn leſſons of attention and chearfulneſs.

Diligence of mind gives alacrity to the heart. It is often the ſource of health, and always the friend of goodneſs; for it is the ſpring of that true joy which is the nobleſt foundation of virtue.

I could almoſt ſay, that an active chearfulneſs is the very ſoul of virtue! What evils attendant on ſloth does it not diſpel? And what a favourable light does it caſt on the intricate paths of life!

It is very pleaſantly recorded in favour of induſtry, that Cupid being

aſked

aſked one day of his mother Venus, why he did not attack the Muſes; anſwered, "that he found them ſo fair, ſo wiſe, ſo virtuous, and ſo conſtantly employed, one in the ſpeculation of the ſtars; another in the calculation of numbers; a third in geometry; a fourth in heroic poems; a fifth in comic interludes; a ſixth in tragic ſtrains; a ſeventh in melodious airs; an eighth in the compleateſt manner of writing on all ſubjects; and the ninth in the inveſtigation of all ſciences and arts, both liberal and mechanic; that approaching near unto them, he unbended his bow, ſhut his quiver and extinguiſhed his torch; through ſhame and fear, that by miſchance he might do them ſome preju-

dice, and then put off the fillet that bound his eyes, to admire their induſtry, and liſten to their melody."

There is an important leſſon to parents, ſaid Aſpaſia, contained in this little ſtory; was it attended to, education would begin where it generally ends; and the acquiſition of knowledge would not be limitted to a few years only; while abſent from parents, where a public education is adopted, and when the judgement has ſcarcely begun to ſhow itſelf; but an induſtrious application to every ſtudy, ſuited to the capacity and ſtation, would be purſued as the conſtant and choiceſt employment of life.

And, indeed, if we conſider the progreſſive nature of the human mind in its full extent, we may juſtly ſay, that its education is not completed at ſixty, any more than at ſixteen, and that futurity alone will unfold with clearneſs thoſe powers of thought and underſtanding, which, however it may check our vanity, or humble our pride, are in a ſtate of comparative darkneſs in this world.

But when the ſoul is born, for death is nought
But the ſoul's birth, and ſo we ſhould it call;
Ten thouſand things ſhe ſees beyond her thought,
And in an unknown manner knows them all.

Sir JOHN DAVIES.

To fit the ſoul for this happy exaltation, ſaid Amanda, is the important

buſineſs of human life; and perhaps nothing will be found to contribute more to this than friendſhip, becauſe all its feelings reſpect the heart and the underſtanding, and therefore it is of ſuch immenſe advantage to ſociety.

But we have yet only viewed this ſubject, continued Amanda, in a general light; there are many conſiderations reſpecting the particular diſcharge of friendſhip, which are of great importance to the perfect knowledge of it. And though they have been often diſcuſſed, and are of a ſerious nature, they will not be treated by us as was that lecture on Morality given by Diogenes.

Obſerving

Obſerving his hearers were no way attentive to his diſcourſe, on a ſudden he ſet up ſinging ſome ludicrous and fooliſh ſong; as if he meant to ſet them all a dancing; they no ſooner perceived him in this humour, then they inſtantly crowded about him; whereupon he rebuked them very ſeverely.

How eager are you, ſays he, to hear a filly ballad, when a uſeful ſubject, tending to the right improvement of your lives and manners, has paſt unheeded.

There are many queſtions that will naturally ariſe, on a more particular view of friendſhip.

It has been very much doubted whether attachments between perſons of unequal capacities, were likely to prove laſting; but as friendſhip is formed more by ſentiment and manners, than by extent of knowledge; and that a perſon of a moderate capacity may have a very feeling heart: ſuch an union appears to me by no means incompatible, if there is a correſpondence of inclination, which is the greateſt cement of friendſhip.

Do you mean by this, ſaid Aſpaſia, that the temper ſhould be the ſame?

Some have thought ſuch a ſimiliarity neceſſary, replied Amanda, but I did not refer to this; but to an agreement

of

of taſte and manners. The anſwer of Dante will illuſtrate my meaning:

Happening to be on a viſit to the famed Can, Prince of Verona, who was not however fond of ſcholars, and even preferred ribaldry to their converſation; ſuſpecting that this did not raiſe him in Dante's opinion, and beginning to be weary of his company, he one day took occaſion to ſingle out one of the libertine crew he entertained, and after high praiſes of this man, turning to Dante, he ſaid:

I wonder how it is that this mad fellow is beloved by us all, as giving us the pleaſure which we really do not

find

find in your company, wife as you are thought to be.

Sir, anſwered the Poet, you would not wonder at this; if you conſidered, that our love of any proceeds from their manners being ſuitable, and their diſpoſitions being ſimilar to our own.

But though two perſons of different capacities may unite, their oppoſites could not, for the reaſon juſt given; an enlightened mind could not mix with a ſtupid one, nor a malevolent or vicious character with one that was virtuous and tender-hearted; nor could art and ſincerity continue long united, if through the innocence of the one,

and

and the artifice of the other, they had formed a connection.

As to original temper, a too great conformity in this reſpect is not always uſeful to friendſhip; melancholy requires to be enlivened, and vivacity to be moderated; a haſty temper might become an enraged one, by contradiction and paſſion; and a placid one inſipid, if united with the ſame: ſome variety in natural temper, may therefore be of uſe to cement this union.

Corneille, ſaid Aſpaſia, has introduced an example of this in one of his plays; wherein Seleucus and Antiochus preſerve the ſtricteſt friendſhip, though

though the one is haughty and impetuous, the other flexible and calm.

The Miſanthrope of Moliere preſents a ſimilar inſtance in the characters of Alceſtes and Philinthes; and the friendſhip of Brutus and Caſſius is alſo a well known example, that this union may be maintained between perſons of very oppoſite diſpoſitions.

If ſimilarity of temper is not neceſſary, continued Aſpaſia, why ſhould any have argued for equality of condition in this union?

It was, ſaid Amanda, becauſe they were ignorant of its nature; friendſhip

is formed from mere inclination and goodneſs of heart; it does not unite with the rank or circumſtances, but with the ſouls of men: reſpect and deference may be due to the former, but affection can never be exacted as a debt. It is free as nature itſelf, and the tribute of the heart alone.

It is for this reaſon thoſe perſons are incapable of friendſhip, who are ſlaves to rank, and who aim at being thought great.

Their imaginary conſequence is really amuſing; and their paſſion for citing great names with familiarity, and conceiving themſelves entitled to reſpect for ſuch ſublime quotations;

or

or for the moſt diſtant connection with ſuch perſons.

They always put one in mind of the maggot, who took a journey to Paris, ſays La Motte, on the back of an ox; and humbly aſking pardon at the end of it for the *great* fatigue he had cauſed him; who is that above there that ſpeaks to me, ſays the ox with a hoarſe voice! 'Tis I, ſays the maggot; and pray who are you? Look here, ſays the maggot, and ſhows himſelf. 'Tis mighty well friend, replied the ox; but who in the name of wonder would ever have found you out!

You

You know, ſaid Aſpaſia, that the advantages of education are thought to be in the ſcale of rank and fortune!

Allowing this, replied Amanda, (which is not always the caſe) we find exalted minds in inferior ſituations, and often little to boaſt where moſt might have been juſtly expected: if the ſuperior in rank or fortune forgets not, they are always to make the firſt advances; provided they feel that friendſhip ſeeks not equality, *but makes* it, (as Alexander ſo nobly aſſerted of Hepheſtion, when the Queen of Darius ſaluted him inſtead of that Prince; You were not deceived mother, ſays this heroe; he too is an Alexander!) And if the inferior in theſe diſtinctions

adheres

adheres to thoſe public laws of good breeding and deference to a ſuperior, which modeſty of nature as well as cuſtom preſcribes; the attachment of ſuch perſons may be as durable as delightful, and the more ſo from the delicacy which both minds muſt have to render it perfect.

Many in ſo ſtrict a friendſhip as this, ſaid Aſpaſia, have thought an entire communication of ſentiments allowable; what is your opinion?

The joys friends feel in theſe effuſions of the heart, ſaid Amanda, are perhaps of all delights the moſt exquiſite; but where honour dwells in the ſoul, they will never paſs its limits:

limits: and friendſhip cannot therefore comprehend any confidence placed in either party by another.

We ſhall be open to the minuteſt particular, in what concerns ourſelves; but we ſhall conſider whatever is confided to us by others, as a ſacred depoſit, which claims our inviolable ſecrecy.

Would not this with many beget a jealouſy of that preference they thought due to the warmth and extent of their friendſhip? ſaid Aſpaſia.

It would betray great weakneſs if it did, reply'd Amanda; for there is an aſſurance attending ſuch an affection no other poſſeſſes, which excludes all

ſuſpicion, and thoſe frivolous debates which diſſolve ſo many connexions in life.

Let thoſe, whom circumſtance, whom pleaſure, or intereſt; whom *a taſte* alone unites, be on their guard againſt a rupture they ought every moment to expect.

They may love, as an ancient adviſed, as if they were to hate: They may break through the laws of honour, to ſatisfy the caprice of that mind they are leagued with; but true friends will diſdain ſuch little fears, and ſuch mean conceſſions; they will paſs their lives in enjoying, and not merely in proving their friends; they will

will not interchange every mark of kindneſs with them, and yet dread ſome lurking poiſon under a maſk of cordiality.

It muſt have been from the breaches beheld in friendſhip, ſaid Aſpaſia, ſo deteſtable a maxim could ever have been tolerated.

We may indeed be miſtaken, continued Amanda, though ſincere in friendſhip; but what of that? Is it ſo great a ſhame to be deceived, that, to avoid it, we would renounce the joy we may hope for in ſo tender a union? If on this account we muſt live in eternal ſuſpicion, we muſt give up friendſhip; for the very foundation of it is hereby deſtroyed, and on its ruins can only be raiſed thoſe mercenary and artificial con-

nexions, which are, of all things in life, the moſt deſpicable.

What ignorance and vanity muſt thoſe poſſeſs, who expect to paſs thro' life, without ſome check on their happineſs, or reflexion on their diſcernment?

It may appear to many a ſtrange confeſſion; but I own I find no ſhame in being deceived; for it is only paying the tribute of humanity; but I ſhould find a great deal in ſuſpecting deceit.

If we judge of others by ourſelves, what a proof is it of a bad heart! if we think ourſelves the only perſons of

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worth and honour, what pride and injuſtice are we guilty of! It was ſaid by Cæſar, who had no leſs underſtanding than valour, I had rather periſh once, than ſuſpect for ever!

His death affects me the more ſenſibly for this noble declaration; and becauſe he received it in a treacherous manner, from the man he had taken with ſuch dear favour to his heart, as cauſed Anthony to cry out—Brutus hath inchanted Cæſar!

I do not ſee, ſaid Aſpaſia, how a perfect friendſhip can ſubſiſt, where the leaſt ſuſpicion is indulged; and it is immediately ſeen, for nothing can eſcape an affectionate diſcernment: it is in theſe minute attentions its very

charm conſiſts; and they know little of friendſhip, who do not feel their importance: theſe are the delights of tenderneſs, theſe are its higheſt rewards!

Perſuaded that he can ſeldom have the power to ſerve a friend on important occaſions; a truly affectionate mind will cheriſh with the greater care all thoſe kind and ſoothing offices towards him, the force of which are only known to hearts intirely devoted to each other.

It is true the arrogant and ceremonious lay claim to ſuch marks of reſpect, and receive the *ſhadow* of them from ſervile and intereſted minds;

but

but how different are ſuch empty addreſſes from voluntary expreſſions of love: and how ſoon would theſe end, were they once to be ſuperciliouſly exacted.

It can hardly be too often repeated, becauſe ſo many diſtreſs themſelves and others by this pride and folly, (and yet reproach their friends without meaſure, if they fail in the minuteſt inſtance of attention or reſpect to their haughty humours) that friendſhip never did, nor could exiſt with any thing like a claim, or exaction, with arrogance of mind, or with ſuperciliouſneſs of manners.

These are the gorgons that infest the common connections of life; but sympathy is far beyond the reach of their terrors!

It is, I suppose, said Aspasia, from that liberty the mind enjoys in youth, and its natural disdain of all such vain pretensions, that the friendships formed in this period of life, are esteemed more perfect than those of maturer age.

Some people, said Amanda, have formed a contrary judgment; among that unhappy number, say they, where a bad education has corrupted the heart, the capacity for friendship will be wholly lost, though the disposition

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tion to it might have appeared in childhood.

In youth the heart is indeed prone to friendſhip, but it is alſo liable to very grievous miſtakes in the attachments it forms: and it is poſſible, that even in the moſt amiable diſpoſitions, the real feelings are ſeldom as clearly known in youth, as in after life.

There is truth in theſe obſervations, ſuppoſing them made of characters in general; but in particular inſtances they have no force: in ſuch minds, what Chriſtina ſays of good ſenſe, is applicable to ſympathy.

Good

Good ſenſe is of all ages, it groweth not old, and is *never* a child: the vigour of mind and body conſtitute true youth; they who poſſeſs it till death, like Cyrus and Seſoſtris, and ſome others, die young at all ages.

It is natural however, that a knowledge of mankind, and the many falſe pretenders to affection the world will preſent to view, ſhould raiſe the value of true friendſhip, and render it ſtill more precious to every feeling mind.

As to thoſe connections formed in youth, which are generally ſtiled friendſhips; they are rather ties created by neighbourhood, and kept up by cuſtom: and as they were formed, ſo

they

they are almoſt always diſſolved by accident, in ſome ſubſequent period of life.

To confeſs the truth, ſaid Aſpaſia, it is not youth alone, who are governed by cuſtom, and ſubject to the change produced by circumſtance.

We are all in a great degree at leaſt the creatures of habit: how few in any rank of life can trace their actions beyond the current line of example; and what allowance is due to many characters on this account.

It is natural in children to copy; hence ariſes their ſocial manners: when they become men, they learn to think

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as well as to act from habit, and therefore it is that ſo few *judge for themſelves*; or ever riſe beyond a certain mode of conduct plan'd ready for their uſe.

This mechanical conduct, ſaid Amanda, (if you will allow me that expreſſion,) very ſenſibly affects the behaviour of men in the moſt friendly intimacies of life: for when once the effect of novelty is over in theſe connections, the whole fabric of friendſhip is broken to pieces, on the ſmalleſt error perceived in the machine.

No wonder therefore if that ſympathy, whereby the mind is probed to its moſt inward receſſes, (and which can

can alone bare ſuch a probe) ſhould be a new and ſtriking picture to the generality of mankind!

To think juſtly, is an immenſe acquiſition—and to act from the ſoul, is beyond a world! The man who does this uniformly, is a great, and muſt ever be a happy, being!

How much is it therefore to be wiſhed, that youth were brought up to *diſtinguiſh*, rather than to *imitate*; that this might become their exalted character! and they might unite that modeſty, which *real* knowledge creates, with

that openneſs of heart, which is the bleſſing of ſociety!

To produce this character, ſaid Aſpaſia, education ſhould be chiefly *internal*, for the aiming to ſhow-off the petty acquiſitions of childhood and of youth, appears to me (though it is the common mode of inſtruction) to lay the foundation of that vanity, which is the greateſt obſtacle to ſenſe and virtue.

It has a *worſe conſequence*, ſaid Amanda; while it amuſes the ignorance, or flatters the vanity, of parents, and of teachers, it often begets envy, and malevolence, in the hearts of children.—How different was the conduct, and

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the precepts, of that wiſeſt of mortals, Socrates!

The effects that are produced by education can hardly be omitted, ſaid Aſpaſia, in the view of Friendſhip, for humility is the trueſt cement of this affection:—Were juſt and generous principles, therefore, inſtilled into youth, and a love of virtue in others, rather than a conceit of themſelves; if they were led to acknowledge the various talents they beheld, or the gifts of providence ſuited to each particular mind, rather than by emulating every thing, to become perfect in nothing, but a neglect of their own underſtandings; How many hearts would be cordially united in Friendſhip, who from a falſe turn of

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mind in youth, become pernicious, or contemptible characters, in after life. And ſuch principles can alone produce, that eſſential proof of affection, the generouſly excuſing, but diſcovering to a friend, the faults of which we obſerve him guilty; and yet many believe, that a ſtrong partiality, is the only ſecurity of Friendſhip.

So far from this, replied Amanda, that I am convinced Friendſhip owes its ruin in many caſes, to that *very* partiality, on which it was originally founded! —— Partiality ſhould, it *muſt*, form an eſſential part of this union; but it ought not to be conſidered as the whole. We ſee in many characters the fruits of this de-

ception,

ception, where we cannot doubt affection *has* once mutually exiſted.

A want of prudence, an oppoſition of ſentiment, a tyranical or capricious diſpoſition of mind; but above all a want of principle and truth of heart, lie often hid for a time by the faſcinating influence of partiality! But it is only to break out with redoubled force when this veil is removed by accident, *or worn away by time.*

The more perfect our friendſhip therefore is, the leſs blind ſhall we be to the errors of our friend, and the leſs willing to conceal them when they ought to be mentioned; but that ſecret charm which is ſpread over affection

ſection will not render ſuch a liberty irkſome as it muſt be in the common attachments of life.

That ingenuous frankneſs, that amiable familiarity which baniſhes all ſtudied phraſes, and uſeleſs ceremonies, will aſſure the motive of ſuch ſincerity; and render it an additional bond of union.

True friends are the only perſons who have a right to blame, (except any offence is offered to the avowed principles of the mind,) and they will be the firſt to excuſe; for they are convinced, that thoſe who would poſſeſs friends without faults, muſt be content to live friendleſs.

It is this honeſty and tenderneſs, ſaid Aſpaſia, that renders friendſhip the moſt uſeful diſpoſition of the mind; and on theſe principles a friend may praiſe without flattery, as well as blame without offence!

Juſt praiſe, ſaid Amanda, enlightens the mind, and ſheds a warmth on it, that nouriſhes and unfolds its virtues; but flattery makes faults into merits, admires you for qualities you poſſeſs not, and very much exaggerates thoſe you really have: praiſe delights in acknowledging every grace, dwells upon it with a tender pleaſure, and ſeems to forget itſelf in rendering ſo kind a tribute to worth. It is the very oppoſite of envy, and wounds it to the

heart; while that genuine reſpect which reſults from the ſoul, and of which delicate minds are alone capable, gives ſuch praiſe all the charm, without any of the poiſon of flattery.

The ſevere reprimand, ſaid Aſpaſia, which Canute beſtowed on his ſervile courtiers, is a ſtriking leſſon for every ſycophant; and the waves of the ſea could as ſoon be ſtopped by the breath of Kings, as truth or goodneſs exiſt in the heart of a paraſite!

A true friend, continued Amanda, whether praiſed or blamed, will be ſenſible of the friendſhip ſhewn him; he will reflect, that however praiſe repays

the giver with delight, it might have been with-held; but that it coſts a friend ſo much to blame, and in a tender heart it is ſo *perfect* a proof of friendſhip, that ſuch tenderneſs can ſcarce ever be recompenſed as it deſerves: and here it ſeems almoſt needleſs to mention the baſeneſs thoſe are guilty of, who inſtead of this open and frank behaviour, condemn their friends when abſent, or allow others in their hearing to ſpeak reproachfully of them; when we can do this, we may be ſure our affection is at a very low ebb.

Pliny the younger was charged with making all his friends into patterns of perfection.

I own the crime, ſaid he, and I honour myſelf for it; who are likely to know my friends ſo well as I do; but if they are better acquainted with them, why envy me ſo agreeable a deluſion?

I adviſe theſe people to carry elſewhere their malignant delicacy; they will find enough, ready to adopt as diſcernment, their cenſures on their friends. As for me, I can never be perſuaded I love mine too well.

Thoſe who are capable of loving thus tenderly, ſaid Aſpaſia, will never fail of friends; our credit and our purſe may be employed in their favour, but this manner of loving, includes

cludes indeed, but is far beyond ſuch ſervices.

In the common courſe of life, the perſon who receives a favour is bound to acknowledge it, continued Amanda; but in friendſhip *it is he who confers it*, by the delight of rendering happy he is amply rewarded, and gains infinitely more than he has given.

Can friendſhip ſubſiſt then, ſaid Aſpaſia, without acknowledgment for the benefits received?

Such favours, replied Amanda, ſhould be confeſſed as a proof of being tenderly loved, but not as a debt the remembrance of which is painful.

How far therefore from friendſhip is that careleſsneſs of mind which ſuffers a friend to ſeek what he really needs!

The cloak of Socrates came too late, as a proof of friendſhip, though it was given with ſincerity.

If I had money, ſaid this God-like man, I would buy me a cloak! And that Ancient, who calmly reſigned to death for want of aſſiſtance, with this patient confeſſion to thoſe who then ſurrounded him:

Had you wiſhed my lamp to laſt, you ſhould have furniſhed it with a little

little oil! was a moſt affecting example of this dreadful negligence!

An active tenderneſs is the very ſoul of friendſhip; when that ceaſes, affection is for ever loſt.

It is aſtoniſhing, ſaid Aſpaſia, that humanity could be ever debaſed by ſuch fatal inattentions as theſe; and they can ſcarcely be named with friendſhip—but there are, I fear, many errors in the human mind, which will require all the generoſity of the moſt perfect affection to paſs over and to forgive.

So various are the motives of men's conduct, ſaid Amanda, that we muſt

know theſe well before we can in any caſe determine the degree of their offence.

Circumſtance, natural temper, neceſſity of ſituation, the degree of underſtanding, and even the effects of prejudice, will be always conſidered and uſed as palliatives on ſuch occaſions, by ſenſible and feeling minds.

Of this we may be ſure, that thoſe who cannot forgive a fault when it *has* been acknowledged; or who having allowed it was to be forgiven, are yet ſo ungenerous as to bring it again to view, are not only incapable of friendſhip, but muſt even be deſtitute of virtue and benevolence; and

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ſuch a diſpoſition is not only the moſt unkind and unpleaſant, but it is alſo the moſt unſerviceable turn of mind we can poſſeſs, in a ſhort paſſage through a frail world!

This unwillingneſs to be candid and charitable towards others, ſaid Aſpaſia, always ariſes from ignorance, pride, or ſelf-ſufficiency in ourſelves, and often from all of them united. The minds of ſuch perſons are fed by flattery, and they are the conſtant dupes of idle report.

It is a melancholy truth, that idle and falſe reports bears unlimited ſway; and with its fatal poiſon invades the peace of men in

every

every claſs of life. But it is in low and envious minds it ſhines triumphant! And by the cruel ſtratagems with which it ſupplies them, arms its whole force againſt dear and approved friends.

True friends, ſaid Amanda, may always eſcape the effects of that envy, which would ruin their friendſhip and their peace, by avoiding all malignant report, and by ſhunning every officious reporter of ſcandal and folly.

When once known, ſuch perſons ought to be dreaded as a plague; for they are in truth the peſts of ſociety.

Harpocrates

Harpocrates, the God of Silence among the Egyptians, was pictured with his finger upon his mouth, and a wolf's ſkin, full of eyes upon his ſhoulders: The peach tree was conſecrated to him, whoſe leaf is ſhaped like the tongue, and its fruit like the heart. Whoever falls in the way of theſe harpies, ſhould ſtop their ears, as well as their lips, if they would deſerve that conſecrated emblem of truth which was offered in honour of this God!

Can there be a moment's debate, not only whether we ſhould liſten to ſuch perſons or to a friend? (but whether we ſhould liſten to ſuch perſons at all?) A very little examination of the

characters

characters around us will prove there ſhould be none.

Even if a friend falls into vice, they ſhould never be abandoned, till every means has been employed in vain for their reformation; if this ſucceeds not, and the character is ſo altered as to be no longer the ſubject of affection it *muſt* ceaſe.—But true Friendſhip, tho' loſt, will never turn to hatred; we ſhall privately ſuccour thoſe we cannot openly defend, and lament their miſery, tho' we cannot vindicate their conduct;—and nothing will induce us to violate any truſt that has ever been repoſed in us, for as one has beautifully ſaid,

" There is a reſpect due to the manes of departed Friendſhip, as well as to a departed friend !"

If an eclairciſſement with a Friend is neceſſary, it will be ſo conducted if poſſible, as to redouble every former tenderneſs; but it is always to be dreaded, for there is a delicacy in this union, that will not bear the idea of unkindneſs.—Should we be conſtrained to this eclairciſſement, the moſt undiſguiſed, is the moſt generous conduct; nay it is indiſpenſable; and if a breach of Friendſhip is the conſequence, it ismoſt prudent, as well as moſt honourable, to be wholly ſilent concerning it; for to enter into any explanation with indifferent perſons about ſo tender

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an engagement; appears to me to be a very demeaning, and muſt be a very painful conduct.

It is very plain, ſaid Aſpaſia, from the view of this affection, that in a private ſtation of life, it is moſt likely to come to perfection; and that even adverſity itſelf may be the foundation of its pleaſures.

There is, it muſt be owned, ſaid Amanda, a haughtineſs and unconnected vanity often attending a ſtate of proſperity, and which, in ſome minds burſts forth on the *ſhadow* of good fortune, that is more apt to check than inſpire ſympathy: and which cannot

fail

fail to deſtroy affection, where it *has* exiſted.

The alteration produced in ſuch perſons, by the moſt trifling circumſtances that feed or revive their ambitious hopes, is really aſtoniſhing; and when compared with thoſe virtues, which rendered them amiable in adverſity, muſt produce ſincere concern for their error!

The view of ſuch characters, and daily experience will convince us, ſaid Aſpaſia, that what *we call* adverſity is the true refiner of the mind, and the greateſt bleſſings beſtowed on mortals! Scenes of tryal cauſe the heart to ſhrink from

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the world, but they open it to all the joys of tenderneſs.

There is indeed, ſaid Amanda, a peculiar ſweetneſs in mingling with afflicted ſouls, when the kind trials of a wiſe Providence, not their own follies, have involved them in diſtreſs. To ſuch the addreſſes of affection will ſeldom be fruitleſs; and the ſoothing offices which endear ſuch an union, are a luxury unknown to the ſelfiſh, the arrogant, and the vain.

For theſe reaſons you have juſtly obſerved, that recluſe and contemplative, and above all, that diſtreſſed ſituations, will afford more examples of Friendſhip, than the buſy and the ſplendid ſcenes of life.

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This divine affection was, I doubt not, beſtowed on mortals, to relieve every ſuffering on earth; to give them a foretaſte of Heaven; and lead their ſteps to that land of everlaſting love!

I do not wonder, ſaid Aſpaſia, you ſpeak in ſo feeling a manner on this ſubject, when I reflect on that friend, in whoſe painful ſituation you take ſo juſt and ſo tender a concern.

That friend, replied Amanda, was a lively image of the ſecret power of tenderneſs.—Sympathy had "*mark'd her for its own*," and every kind and generous virtue beam'd on her countenance!

When firſt introduced to her, I was informed ſhe had long laboured under a moſt trying indiſpoſition; but tho' ſickneſs had deprived her of eaſe, it had not baniſhed her chearfulneſs.

This ſweetneſs of expreſſion, joined to that languor which accompanies pain, ſpread a nameleſs ſomething over every word and geſture, that heightened the ſenſibility which every one felt on beholding her; her mind ſeemed to incircle and ſupport, not to ſhrink within her faded frame, and to riſe in ſtrength, as that had ſunk in weakneſs.

Near three years I have beheld her linger in miſery, without once complaining of her lot; while her converſa-

tion has not only been pleasing, but animating; and nothing declared her agony, but the drops that nature forced down her placid cheek. She was indeed an example of that beautiful image of Shakespeare—

She sate like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

Such admirable fortitude, and pious resignation, in youth and beauty, is not only beyond all words, but almost beyond conception; yet numbers have witnessed and admired it as well as myself, and Heaven will amply reward such goodness!

The recovery of this amiable woman is more to be desired for the sake of others, than her own; that society and

friendſhip may ſtill be adorned and bleſt, with her exalted character!

Thoſe who in retired life meet with ſuch minds, ſaid Aſpaſia, may well cry out with the poet,

We envy none who'ere they be,
That ſtand, on battlements of ſtate,
We wiſh to be ſecure not great;
Happy in leiſure and obſcurity,
While others place their fading joys
In popularity and noiſe:
Our friendly minutes glide ſecurely on,
Like ſubterranean ſtreams, unheard unknown;
And when our days are thus ſerenely paſt,
'Twill be our hope to find in death our mutual friend at laſt.

NORRIS.

The value of time appears to be of great conſequence, ſaid Amanda, when ſickneſs or diſtreſs, claims our attendance, and ſo frequent are ſuch inſtances of trial, that we ought always to have leiſure to beſtow on them; nor is there a greater argument than this, that I know of, againſt the conſtant, and particularly againſt the ceremonious engagements, that people are induced to run into, from an idle, or diſſipated turn of mind.

There is another argument, ſaid Aſpaſia, againſt ſuch engagements, they defeat the true end of ſociety, which is to make thoſe around us happy.

Though they are called ſocial, they are often ſelfiſh, and are cultivated from oſtentation or luxury, rather than from that benevolence which ſeeks no return, but the pleaſures of converſation and good will.

If the participation of our property has been eſteemed a neceſſary part of Friendſhip, (where it was not due to the juſt claims of relationſhip;) what ſhall we ſay of thoſe, who render themſelves incapable of generoſity, from a mere love of parade, and a ſucceſſion of frivolous purſuits!

There are no doubt, ſaid Amanda, a thouſand kind ways, independent of that luxury, which is falſely called hoſpitality, to employ the bounties of providence,

vidence, and when a friend needs our assistance, how delightful must it be to give him this mark of affection; nor do I think this should be considered as it generally is, to be so wonderful a proof of Friendship.

A person was speaking with admiration of one who had liberally shared his income with a friend in misfortune. "Ought this to be thought so extraordinary, said a lady in company? when we every day see this in some measure done by the liberal, the compassionate, and even by the dissipated, in some generous turns of humour; the praises given to those who make so poor an offering to Friendship as a little money, are rather worthy of

mean than noble minds." This ſentiment appears to me to be perfectly juſt; and indeed if we would make an honourable ſacrifice to humanity, as well as to friendſhip; it ſhould be by correcting that perſonal vanity and expence, which is made the employment of life, when it ought to be only the amuſement of a leiſure hour, and this would *impower* us to ſerve others, which is the higheſt felicity of a benevolent heart!

Among the ancients we may find many examples of this generoſity, they conſidered adverſity as the teſt and the bond of friendſhip, and death its conſecration.

But

But who can ſpeak the ſenſation of that mind, who loſes a true friend,—nothing can equal it;—to him all nature ſeems changed, and the beloved object is ſought every where in vain.

Solitude is his only relief, or the companionſhip of ſome amiable and ſoothing mind.

Thoſe who have ſuffered ſuch a loſs know what it is; to others this language is unknown. Yet even in this ſtate of woe there is conſolation, and religion will wipe off the tears of humanity.

It was beautifully ſaid by Facitus in the life of Agricola, "Friendſhip

is not ſhewn by weeping for a Friend, but in remembering him for ever!

If we cheriſh his memory, we ſhall tread in his ſteps, and endeavour to ſupply his place, to thoſe he has left behind, as far as it is in our power. Thus we ſhall ceaſe to weep for our Friend, but ſhall never ceaſe to act toward him; and inſtead of wandering about the tomb which encloſes his aſhes, we ſhall aſcend to the region of pure light, and unite with his ſoul.

You were ſpeaking juſt now, ſaid Aſpaſia, of the ancients, how comes it to paſs that the moderns, who have them for example, and in ſome reſpects are

more

more enlightened, ſhould ſeem to fall ſhort of them in this exalted virtue.

The knowledge of hiſtory muſt not only be very perfect, ſaid Amanda, but the knowledge of the world extenſive, to draw the compariſon; if we allow hiſtory ſo much merit, as to believe it capable of unveiling in any degree the ſecret diſpoſition of the heart, whereas in general it ſeldom ſerves to mark more than the outward actions, the ſprings of which are loſt and diſguiſed:—and the ſame happens in our obſervations on mankind, how ſeldom can we penetrate into their true characters, or be certain of the principles on which their conduct is eſtabliſhed; and this adds (if any thing can do ſo)

to the infinite value of that Friendſhip we are ſpeaking of; wherein the heart ſtands unveiled with more clearneſs, by the power of a diſcerning ſympathy.

Some particular inſtances are however afforded us in prophane hiſtory of this affection, that are worthy of credit, and they are familiar to every Reader.

But I cannot paſs over that admirable example of this virtue in Sacred Writ, which viewed a thouſand and a thouſand times, will loſe nothing of its force; but like the picture of a great maſter, the more it is examined, the more beautiful it will ever appear.

In

In Jonathan's friendſhip for David, what a painting is given of this perfect love; of a love! ſo diſintereſted, as not only to prefer his friend to himſelf, but to give up all proſpect of honour for his ſake; and chooſe to be a ſubject, that his friend might be a king.

From this affection to David, to incur the deprecation of a cruel and jealous parent, and run the riſk of his own life to ſave that of his friend; yet this, and more than this, did Jonathan for the friendſhip of a ſhepherd ſwain; for he lov'd him as his own ſoul!

Who can read the tender care and contrivance of Jonathan for the ſafety of David; or his pious addreſs to God

in

in his behalf, without being much affected; and the pathetic lamentation of David for the loſs of this friend, at the concluſion of his beautiful elegy, proved him deſerving of his friendſhip.

I am diſtreſs'd for thee, my brother Jonthan; very pleaſant haſt thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful! paſſing the love of woman!

This is not the only inſtance on ſacred record, ſaid Aſpaſia, of ſuch a perfect friendſhip; for the honour of our own ſex, Naomi and Ruth preſent us with an *equal* picture of tenderneſs; and prove, that no difference of ſentiments or of age,

age, can overbear the ſtrong impulſe of a kindred affection.

Orpah ſeems to have been concerned at leaving her mother-in-law: She kiſſed, and probably took an affectionate leave of her, but Ruth *clave unto her*; her ſoul was knit to the ſoul of Naomi, as Jonathan's to that of David.

Here is the preciſe idea of friendſhip; *the mingling of two ſouls*, which nothing can divide, nothing could ſeparate Ruth from her beloved Naomi; not even the difference of religion, or the proſpect of living in a country ſtrange to her; nor the example of her ſiſter, who choſe to re-

turn

turn to her own country; nothing could induce her to forſake this tender friend of her heart.

And Naomi ſaid, behold thy ſiſter is gone back unto her people, and to her Gods; return thou, after thy ſiſter in law!

And Ruth ſaid, intreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee; for whither thou goeſt, I will go; and where thou lodgeſt, I will lodge; thy people ſhall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou dieſt will I die; and there will I be buried; the Lord do ſo to me, and more alſo, if ought but death part thee and me.—Can Friendſhip

be

be more ſtrongly exemplified in any language than in this.

There is ſomething particularly ſtriking, ſaid Amanda, in an union thus formed between a daughter and a mother in law, who had loſt her own ſons, and muſt therefore have been the more ſuſceptible of ſuch a reverence and affection from the wife of the deceaſed; and it is ſo expreſſed in the courſe of this beautiful ſtory; for when Ruth married again, and was delivered of a ſon, the neighbours ſaid, there is a ſon born to Naomi! and he ſhall be a reſtorer of thy life, and a nouriſher of thy old age, for thy daughter in law which loveth thee, and

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is *better to thee than ſeven ſons*, hath borne him.

How highly is Ruth's affection herein diſplayed, and the tenderneſs of Naomi to her child, in the following lines?

And Naomi took the child and laid it in her boſom, and became nurſe unto it.

The picture of a perfect Friendſhip, joined to domeſtic felicity, is ſo ſtrikingly exhibited in this family, that it is viewing nature (as a writer has happily expreſſed it on another occaſion) in her moſt elegant refinements, and in that point of view

in which, of all others, ſhe appears moſt delightful and happy.

Such inſtances as theſe, tho' they ſhould fail to inſpire the mind with Friendſhip, yet are certainly calculated to raiſe it above the world, and tend to rub off that ugly ruſt it contracts in the dull and inſipid ſcenes of life.

Do you think, ſaid Aſpaſia, that theſe inſtances can be paralleled in the later ages of the world?

If a love of pleaſure, ſaid Amanda, contracts the heart as much as Friendſhip enlarges it, there will be leſs probability of finding ſuch examples in thoſe periods where luxury and art

have riſen to their height. But inſtances of ſo perfect a Friendſhip have in all ages been rare, or at leaſt have appeared ſo, becauſe the tenderneſs exerted in private life is known only to a few, and their *ſilent virtues* remain unrecorded.

It is poſſible the manner of living in the patriarchal, and ſome ſucceeding ages was more favourable than the preſent, to the genuine diſpoſition of the heart; but we can only judge of this from the few repreſentations on record.

Were they all indeed like thoſe of Jonathan, and of Ruth, they could not fail to charm the moſt indifferent obſerver;

ſerver; and tho' the judgment is apt to be warped in favour of antiquity, yet I cannot think the admiration beſtowed on paſtoral life a mere viſion of the brain, or that any undepraved mind, can behold the ſimple ſcenes it affords, without delight.

It is highly probable that the pleaſure we feel, even in reading imaginary ſcenes of this kind, is the friendly hint of nature, to lead us to ſimplicity and truth!

I own I was affected this morning with a little *anecdote I met with in Les Tableaux.*

A company of Arcadian nymphs and ſwains, ſays the Author of theſe paſtorals, were dancing under the delightful ſhade that ſurrounded their hamlet; every thing around announced a beautiful ſpring; love, joy, and innocence were painted in their countenances!

A ſtranger who viſited this ſpot, ſtrayed during the interval of a moment to a little diſtance; and while he was viewing the charming proſpect, with that tender pleaſure the ſcene inſpired; he diſcovered through a grove the remains of a monument.

Struck with this ſight, he approaches the ſacred wood, and beholds a tomb

with theſe words engraved on its baſe.

AND I TOO LIV'D, IN BLEST ARCADIA!

Penetrated with this object, he turns his eyes on the chearful villagers; whom innocence had rendered ſo gay and ſo happy, but whoſe joy a few moments might obſcure; when ſuddenly recalling them to the monument before him, he wept in ſilence over this funeral urn, which he had not the power to forſake!

It cannot be doubted but that in thoſe countries and in thoſe periods, where the manner of living has approached the neareſt to this ſimplicity, nature, and the tender dictates of the heart, muſt have had the greateſt power in pro-

ducing examples of friendſhip; and theſe, we can never too cloſely adhere to, if real happineſs is the object we have in view.

There is one inſtance of this affection however, which I juſt recollect in modern hiſtory, and in public life. The ſingular friendſhip ſhewn by a German Baron of great eminence, to John Huſs, who was, you know, ſucceſſor to Wickliffe.

The Baron de Clum, a Bohemian Lord, ſtruck with the virtue and intrepidity of John Huſs, ſhewed him among many others, the following ſingular proof of his friendſhip.

John

John was cited to appear before the council of Conſtance; he ſuffered many inſults previous to his appearance, during which this noble friend went every where with him, to aid and ſupport him.

When Huſs appeared in full council, the Cardinal of Cambray accuſed him of having boaſted, that unleſs he had choſen to go himſelf, neither the King of Bohemia, nor the Emperor, could have forced him thither.

The Baron ſtood up, and before the Emperor, who with the collector, were at the [illegible] of the council, and ſitting in j[illegible]t on Huſs, made this

this firm and affecting reply in defence of his friend.

"I am far from being a perſon of the "greateſt conſequence in my own coun- "try, others have ſtronger caſtles, and "more power; yet even I, would have "ventured to defend this reverend fa- "ther a whole year, againſt the utmoſt "efforts of both the powers you have "mentioned!"

Was not this inſtance of courage toward a deſpiſed and ſuffering man, ſo much his inferior in ſituation; and charged as a malefactor, in the pre- ſence of the Emperor an admirable inſtance of undaunted hdſhip? The concluſion proved i

Huſs

Huſs was condemned;—and when he was in his dungeon, where he ſuffered the greateſt ſeverities, his noble friend attended him thither alſo; and with every inſtance of indearing tenderneſs, endeavoured to ſupport him. The ſuffering martyr wrung his hands, and looking round the horrid ſcene! earneſtly cried out, Good God! this is friendſhip indeed!

GILPIN's *Lives of the firſt Reformers.*

No age, ſaid Aſpaſia, could furniſh a ſtronger proof of affection in the ſame ſituation, than this you have given; and it is very pleaſing to recollect ſuch examples of friendſhip, either in paſt or preſent times; either in public or in private life.

Some

Some years ago I was ſo happy to witneſs an inſtance of tenderneſs in private life, which gave me great delight. I only beheld the cloſing part, but that ſufficiently explained the characters of theſe friends, who had poſſeſſed an affectionate union from youth, and were at the time I knew them, far advanced in life; the one was near ſixty, and the other ſeventy years of age.

They had retired for many years to a ſmall village, where their charity was diffuſed abroad, and they were univerſally eſteemed and admired.

One of them had been married, the other who was the younger, had al-

ways

ways remained ſingle, was at this time handſome, and the faculties of her mind were not the leaſt impaired.

Her friend was not ſo gently ſtroaked by the hand of age; ſhe was very deaf, had ſome effects of a paralytick ſtroke, and was ſo lame, that ſhe could not walk without aſſiſtance.

With what delight have I ſeen her move along, ſupporting her tottering ſteps on the arm of her friend; how pleaſant was it to behold the unwearied pains of this friend, to repeat to her what was paſſing in the parties they were in; and thus enlivening by her affectionate

affectionate addreſs, the withered countenance of her old companion.

The ſcene of theſe friends in old age, was indeed tranſporting; and their death moſt deſirable.

It was not long after this the elder of theſe friends was attacked by a fever, her friend ſat up with her three nights; on the morning ſhe died, wearied with continual watching, and ſunk with grief, ſhe was ſeized with the diſorder, and lived only till the evening of the next day. when they were both buried in the ſame grave.

This

This is a delightful example of friendſhip, ſaid Amanda! And it may be truly ſaid of theſe friends—In their lives they were pleaſant, and in their deaths they were not divided!

What can produce ſo perfect an happineſs in this world, as ſuch an union; or ſo capable of exalting and preparing the ſoul for thoſe bleſſed regions, where friendſhip will flouriſh in immortal perfection!

The view you have enabled me to take of this ſubject, ſaid Aſpaſia, would have convinced me of this, if my heart had not born witneſs to its truth; but how different is the view of friendſhip in ſpeculation, and the conſideration of it from ſuch a happy experience; and how little can we wonder

der that ſo ſacred an affection, though always ſpoken of with applauſe, ſhould yet appear a flat and unintereſting ſubject to the generality of the world.

This muſt ever be the caſe, replied Amanda, where *through want of feeling*, amuſement is the only thing ſought after; and the heart is incapable of penetrating into thoſe tender and intereſting diſtinctions, which with every mind of congenial diſpoſition, will ever form the moſt delightful part of this ſubject.

But we ſhould do great wrong to friendſhip, were we to cloſe our diſcourſe, without producing a ſacred authority in its ſup-

port,

port, and one circumſtance of that divine life, which from its infinite beauty and perfection, can never fail to be admired.

I mean our Saviour's friendſhip toward St. John, and the tender manner in which he left the memorial of this affection to him, in the hour of departing life.

When Jeſus therefore ſaw his mother, and the diſciple ſtanding by *whom he loved*, he ſaith unto his Mother—Woman, behold thy Son!—then ſaith he to the diſciple,—behold thy mother!

And from that hour this diſciple took her unto his own home.

This ſhort and affecting drawing of tender friendſhip, heightened by filial piety, and exerted in the agony of a moſt painful death, is *above all comment*; and with many other pictures in theſe ſacred books, cannot fail one ſhould think to touch every heart, by the beautiful ſimplicity and energy with which they are enforced.

Here Amanda concluded the ſubject, and the ſhades of evening approaching, the friends retired to their peaceful manſion; and to the enjoyment of that friendſhip, which *experience* had enabled them to deſcribe.

THE END.

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